The Spanish Tragedy:

Or,

HIERONIMO is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*, and *Belimperia*; With the pittifull Death, of HIERONIMO.

Newly Corrected, Amended, and Enlarged with new Additions, as it hath of late been diuers times Acted.

LONDON,
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ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, *and with him* Reuenge.

Ghost.

Hen this eternall substance of my Soule,
Did liue imprisoned in my wonted flesh,
Each in their function seruing other need,
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court:
My name was *Don Andrea*: my discent,
Thou ghnot ignoble, yet inferiour farre
To gracious Fortunes of my tender youth:
There in the prime and pride of all my yeares,
By dutious Seruice, and deseruing loue,
In secret I possest a worthy Dame,
Which hight sweet *Belimperia* by name:
But in the Harvest of my Summers ioyes,
Deaths Winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,
Forcing diuorse betwixt my Loue and mee:
For in the late Conflict with *Portingale*,
My Valour drew me into dangers mouth,
Till life to death, made passage through my wounds.
When I was slaine, my Soule descended straight,
To passe the flowing streame of *Acheron:*
But churlish *Charon*, onely Boatman there,
Said, that my Rites of Buriall not perform'd,
I might not sit among his Passengers.
Ere *Sol* had slept three nights in *Thetis* lap,
And slakt his smoaking Chariot in her flood,
By *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marshals sonne,
My Funerals and Obsequies were done.
Then was the Ferry-man of Hell content,
To passe me ouer to the slimie Strond,
That leads to fell *Auernus* ougly waues,
There pleasing *Cerberus* with homed speech,

I past the perils of the formost Porch:
Not farre from hence, amidst ten thousand soules,
Sate *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Radamant*:
To whom no sooner gan I make approach,
To craue a Pasport for my wandring Ghost.
But *Minos* in grauen leaues of Lotterie,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
This Knight (quoth he) both liu'd and died in loue,
And for his Loue, tried fortune of the warres,
And by Warres fortune, lost both loue and life.
Why then (said *Eacus*) conuey him hence,
To walke with Louers in our fields of Loue,
And spend the course of euerlasting time,
Vnder greene Myrtle trees, and Cypres shades.
No, no, (said *Radamant*) it were not well,
With louing soules, to place a Martialist.
Hee dyed in Warre, and must to Martiall Fields:
Where wounded *Hector* liues in lasting paine,
And *Achilles* Mermidons doe scoure the plaine.
Then *Minos*, mildest Censurer of the three,
Made this deuice, to end the difference:
Send him (quoth he) to our infernall King,
To doome him as best seemes his Maiestie.
To this effect, my Pasport straight was drawne.
In keeping on my way to *Plutoes* Court,
Through dreadfull shades of euer-blooming night,
I saw more sights then thousand tongues can tell,
Or pennes can write, or mortall hearts can thinke.
Three wayes there were, that on the right hand side
Was ready way vnto the foresaid Field,
Where Louers liue, and bloody Martialists:
But either sort contain'd within his bounds,
The left hand path declining fearefully,
Was ready fall downe to the deepest Hell,
Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steele,
And poore *Ixion* turnes an endlesse wheele:
Where Vsurers are choakt with melting gold,
And Wantons are embrac'd with ougly Snakes,

And Murderers greene with euer-killing wounds,
And periur'd wights scalded in boyling Lead,
And all foule sinnes with torments ouerwhelm'd.
Twixt these two wayes, I trode the middle path,
Which brought mee to the faire *Elizian* Greene:
In midst whereof, there stands a stately Tower,
The Walles of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant.
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
I shewed my Pasport humbled on my knee;
Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile.
I begg'd that onely shee might giue my doome.
Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kisse.
Foorthwith *Reuenge*, she rounded thee in the eare,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of Horror:
Where Dreames haue passage in the silent night.
No sooner had shee spoke, but we were heere,
(I wote not how) in twinckling of an eye.

Reuenge. Then know *Andrea*, that thou art arriu'd,
Where thou shalt see the Author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the Prince of *Portingale*,
Depriu'd of life by *Belimperia*.
Heere sit wee downe to see the Mystery,
And serue for *Chorus* in this Tragegie.

Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile, and Hieronimo.

King. Now say Lord *Generall*, how fares our Campe?

Gene. All well (my Soueraigne Liege) except some few,
That are deceast by fortune of the Warre.

King. But what pretends thy chearefull countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speake man, hath Fortune giuen vs victory?

Gene. Victory (my Liege) and that with little losse.

King. Our *Portingales* will pay vs Tribute then?

Gene. Tribute, and wonted Homage therewithall.

King. Then blest be Heauen, and guider of the Heauens,
From whose faire influence such Iustice flowes.

Cast. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat æther,*
Et coniurati curuato poplite gentes

Succumbant: recti soror est victoria iuris.

King. Thankes to my louing Brother of *Castile.*
But *Generall*, vnfold in briefe Discourse
Your forme of Battell, and your warres successe;
That adding all the pleasure of thy newes
vnto the height of former happinesse,
With deeper wage, and greater dignitie,
Wee may reward thy blisfull Chiualry.

Gene. Where *Spaine* and *Portingale* doe ioyntly knit,
Their Frontires, leaning on each others Bounds:
There met our Armies in their proud aray:
Both furnisht well, both full of hope and feare:
Both menacing alike with daring Showes,
Both vaunting sundry colours of deuice,
Both cheerely sounding Trumpets, Drummes, and Fifes,
Both raising dreadfull Clamors to the Skie,
That Vallies, Hilles, and Riuers made rebound,
And Heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound.
Our Battailes both were pitcht in Squadron forme,
Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of Shot:
But ere we ioyn'd, and came to push of Pike,
I brought a Squadron of the readiest Shot,
From out our Reareward, to begin the fight;
They brought another Wing t'encounter vs:
Meane while, our Ordnance playd on either side,
And Captaines stroue to haue their Valour tride.
Don Pedro their chiefe Horsemens Coronell,
Did with his Coronet brauely make attempt,
To breake the Order of our Battell rankes:
But *Don Rogero* worthy man of Warre,
Marcht foorth against him with our Musketiers,
And stops the malice of his fell approach.
Which they maintaine hote Skirmish to and fro,
Both Battailes ioyne, and fall to handy-blowes:
Their violent Shot resembling th'Oceans rage,
When roaring loud, and with a swelling tyde,
It beats vpon the rampires of huge Rockes,
And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding Lands:

Now

Now when *Bellona* rageth heere and there,
Thicke stormes of Bullets ranne like Winters Hayle,
And shiuered Launces dark'd the troubled Ayre.

Pede Pes, & cuspide cuspis,
Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque vire.

On euery side dropt Captaines to the ground,
And Souldiers lie maim'd, some slaine outright:
Heere falles a body sundred from his Head,
There Legges and Armes lie bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with weapons, and vnbowed Steedes,
That scattering ouer-spread the purple Plaine.
In all this turmoyle three long howres and more,
The Victory to neither part enclinde,
Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
In their maine Battaile made so great a breach,
That halfe dismayd, the multitude retirde:
But *Balthazar* the *Portingales* young Prince,
Brought rescue, and encourag'd them to stay.
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd,
And in that Conflict was *Andrea* slaine,
Braue man at Armes, but weake to *Balthazar*:
Yet while the Prince insulting ouer him,
Breath'd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and hardie Valour ioyn'd in one,
Prickt foorth *Horatio* our Knight-Marshals Sonne,
To challenge foorth that Prince to single fight:
Not long betweene these twaine the fight indur'd,
But straight the Prince was beaten from his Horse,
And forc'd to yeeld him prisoner to his foe.
When hee was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to death,
Till *Phebus* wauing to the Westerne Deepe,
Our Trumpetters were charg'd to sound Retreat.

King. Thankes good *L. Generall* for these good newes,
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this, and weare for thy Soueraignes sake.

Giues him his Chaine.

But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?

Gen. No peace (my Liege) but Peace conditionall,
That if with homage tribute may be payd,
The fury of our forces will be stayd:
And to that Peace, their Viceroy hath subscribde,

Giues the King a Paper.

And made a solemne vow, that during life,
This Tribute shall be truely payde to *Spaine*.

King. These words, these deeds become thy person well.
But now Knight Marshall, frolicke with the King,
For tis thy Sonne that winnes that Battels prize.

Hier. Long may he liue to serue my Soueraigne Liege,
And soone decay, vnlesse he serue my Liege.

A Trumpet afarre off.

King. Nor thou, nor he, shall dye without reward.
What meanes this warning of the Trumpets sound?

Gene. This tels me, that your Graces men of warre,
Such as warres fortune hath reserv'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royall Seat,
To show themselues before your Maiestie:
For so I gaue them charge at my depart;
Whereby by demonstration shall appeare,
That all, except three hundred, or few more,
Are safe return'd, and by their foes enricht.

The Armie meetes, Balthazar betweene Lorenzo and Horatio, captiue.

King. A gladsome sight, I long to see them heere.

They enter, and passe by.

Was that the warlike Prince of *Portingale*,
That by our Nephew was in Triumph led?

Gene. It was (my Liege) the Prince of *Portingale*.

King. But what was he, that on the other side,
Held him by th'arme, as Partner of the Prize?

Hier. That was my Sonne, (my gracious Soueraigne)
Of whom, though from his tender Infancie,
My louing thoughts did neuer hope but well:
Hee neuer pleas'd his Fathers eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my heart with ouer-cloying ioyes.

King. Goe, let them march once more about theſe walles,
That ſtaying them, we may conferre and talke,
With our braue Priſoner, and his double Guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaſeth vs,
That in our Victory thou haue a ſhare,
By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exploit. *Enter againe.*
Bring hither the young Prince of *Portingale*,
The reſt march on: But ere they be diſmiſt,
Wee will beſtow on euery Souldier two Duckets,
And on euery Leader ten; that they may know
Our largeſſe welcomes them. *Exeunt all but Bal.Lor.& Hor.*
Welcome *Don Balthazar*, welcome Nephew:
And thou *Horatio*, thou art welcome too:
Young Prince, although thy Fathers hard miſ-deeds,
In keeping backe the Tribute that he owes,
Deſerue but euill meaſure at our hands;
Yet ſhalt thou know, that *Spaine* is honourable.

Balt. The treſpaſſe that my Father made in peace,
Is now contrould by fortune of the warres:
And Cards once dealt, it boots not aske why ſo?
His men are ſlaine, a weakning to the Realme;
His Colours ceazd, a blot vnto his name;
His Sonne diſtreſt, a corſiue to his heart:
Theſe puniſhments may cleare his late offence.

King. I *Balthazar*, if he obſerues this Truce,
Our peace will grow the ſtronger for theſe warrs:
Meane while liue thou, though not in libertie,
Yet free from bearing any ſeruile yoake:
For in our hearing, thy deſerts were great,
And in our ſight thy ſelfe art gracious.

Balt. And I ſhall ſtudie to deſerue this grace.

King. But tell me, (for their holding makes me doubt)
To which of theſe twaine art thou Priſoner?

Lorenſ. To mee, my Lord.

Horat. To me, my Soueraigne.

Lor. This hand firſt tooke the Courſer by the Reines.

Hor. But firſt my Launce did put him from his Horſe.

Lor. I ceaz'd his Weapon, and enioy'd it firſt.

Hor. But firſt I forc'd him lay his weapons downe.
King. Let go his arme vpon our priuiledge. *Let him go.*
So, worthy Prince, to whether didſt thou yeeld?
Bal. To him in curteſie, to this perforce:
He ſpake me faire, this other gaue me ſtrokes;
He promiſed life, this other threatned death;
He wanne my loue, this other conquered me;
And truth to ſay, I yeeld my ſelfe to both.
Hier. But that I know your Grace for iuſt and wiſe,
And might ſeeme partiall in this difference,
Inforſt by Nature, and by Law of Armes,
My tongue ſhould plead for young *Horatios* right:
He hunted well, that was a Lyons death,
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
So Hares may pull dead Lyons by the Beard.
King. Content thee Marſhall, thou ſhalt haue no wrong,
And for thy ſake thy ſonne ſhall want no right.
Will both abide the cenſure of my doome?
Lor. I craue no better then your Grace awards.
Hor. Nor I, although I ſit beſide my right.
King. Then by my iudgement, thus your ſtrife ſhall end:
You both deſerue, and both ſhall haue reward.
Nephew, thou tookſt his Weapons, and his Horſe;
His Weapons and his Horſe, are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didſt force him firſt to yeeld;
His Ranſome therefore is thy valours fee:
Appoynt the ſumme, as you ſhall both agree.
But Nephew, thou ſhalt haue the Prince in guard,
For thine eſtate beſt fitteth ſuch a Gueſt:
Horatios houſe were ſmall for all his traine:
Yet in regard thy ſubſtance paſſeth his,
And that iuſt guerdon may befall deſert,
To him we yeeld the Armour of the Prince.
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuice?
Balt. Right well (my Liege) if this prouiſo were,
That *Don Horatio* beare vs company;
Whom I admire and loue for Chiualry.
King. *Horatio*, leaue him not that loues thee ſo.

Now

Now let vs hence to ſee our Souldiers paid,
And Feaſt our Priſoner as our friendly gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, and Villippo.

Vice. Is our Embaſſadour diſpatcht for *Spaine?*
Ale. Two dayes (my Liege) are paſt ſince his depart.
Vice. And Tribute payment gone along with him?
Ale. I, my good Lord.
Vice. Then reſt we here awhile in our vnreſt,
And feed our ſorrowes with ſome inward ſighs;
For deepeſt cares breake neuer into teares.
But wherefore ſit I in this Regall throne?
This better fits a wretches endles moane. *Falls to the ground.*
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,
And therefore better then my ſtate deſerues:
I, I, this Earth Image of Melancholly,
Seeks him whom Fates adiudged to miſery;
Here let me lie: now am I at the loweſt.

Qui iacet in terra, non habet vnde cadat,
In me conſumpſit vires fortuna nocendo:
Nil ſupereſt vt iam poſſit obeſſe magis.

Yes, Fortune may bereaue me of my Crowne:
Here, take it now, let Fortune doe her worſt,
Shee will not rob me of this ſable weed:
O no, ſhee enuies none but pleaſant things,
Such is the folly of deſpightfull Chaunce.
Fortune is blind, and ſees not my deſerts;
So is ſhe deafe, and heares not my laments:
And could ſhe heare, yet is ſhe wilfull mad,
And therefore will not pitie my diſtreſſe.
Suppoſe that ſhe could pitie me, what then?
What helpe can be expected at her hands,
Whoſe foot ſtanding on a rowling ſtone,
And Minde more mutable then fickle winds;
Why waile I then where's hope of no redreſſe?
O yes! complaining makes my griefe ſeeme leſſe.
My late Ambition hath diſtaind my Faith;
My breach of Faith, occaſion'd bloody warres,
Theſe bloody warres, haue ſpent my treaſure;

And with my Treaſure, my peoples Blood:
And with their Blood, my Ioy and beſt Beloued;
My beſt Beloued, my ſweet and onely Sonne.
O wherefore went I not to Warre my ſelfe?
The cauſe was mine, I might haue dyed for both:
My yeeres were mellow, but his young and greene;
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

Alex. No doubt (my Liege) but ſtill the Prince ſuruiues.

Vice. Suruiues, I but where?

Alex. In Spaine a priſoner, by miſchance of Warre.

Vice. Then they haue ſlaine him for his fathers fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common law of Armes.

Vice. They reake no Lawes, that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ranſoms worth will ſtay from foule reuenge.

Vice. No, if he liued, the newes would ſoone be here.

Alex. Nay, euill newes will flie faſter ſtill then good.

Vice. Tell me no more of Newes, for he is dead.

Villip. My Soueraigne, pardon the author of ill Newes,
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy ſonne.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be,
Mine Eare is ready to receiue ill Newes;
My Heart growne hard gainſt miſchiefes battery:
Stand vp I ſay, and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then heare the truth, which theſe mine eyes haue ſeen;
When both the Armies were in battell ioyn'd,
Don Balthazar amidſt the thickeſt troupes,
To win renowne, did wondrous feats of Armes:
Amongſt the reſt, I ſaw him hand to hand,
In ſingle fight with their Lord Generall,
Till *Alexandro* (that here counterfeits
Vnder the colour of a dutious friend)
Diſcharg'd his Piſtoll at the Princes backe,
As though he would haue ſlaine their Generall:
But therewithall, *Don Balthazar* fell downe:
And when he fell, then we began to flie:
But had he liu'd, the day had ſure been ours.

Alex. O wicked forgery: O trayterous miſcreant.

Vice. Hold thou thy peace: But now *Villippo*, ſay,

Where

Where then became the carkaſſe of my Sonne?

Villip. I ſaw them drag it to the *Spaniſh* Tents.

Vice. I, I, my nightly dreames haue told me this.
Thou falſe, vnkind, vnthankfull trayterous beaſt,
Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,
That thou ſhouldſt thus betray him to our foes?
Was't *Spaniſh* gold that bleared ſo thine eyes,
That thou could ſee no part of our deſerts?
Perchance becauſe thou art *Terſgraes* Lord,
Thou haſt ſome hope to weare this Diademe,
If firſt my ſonne, and then my ſelfe were ſlaine:
But thy ambitious thoughts ſhall breake thy neck:
I, this was it that made thee ſpill his blood;

He takes the Crowne and puts it on againe.

But now Ile weare it till thy blood be ſpilt.

Alex. Vouchſafe (deare Soueraigne) to heare me ſpeake.

Vice. Away with him, his ſight is ſecond hell:
Keepe him till we determine of his death;
If *Balthazar* be dead, hee ſhall not liue.
Villippo, follow vs for thy reward.

Villip. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,
Deceiu'd the King, betrayd mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villany. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio and Belimperia.

Bel. Signior *Horatio*, this is the place, and howre,
Wherein I muſt entreat thee to relate
The circumſtance of *Don Andreas* death,
Who liuing, was my Garlands chiefeſt Flower,
And in his death, hath buried my delights.

Hor. For loue of him, and ſeruice to your ſelfe,
Ile not refuſe this dolefull heauy charge:
Yet teares and ſighs (I feare) will hinder me.
When both our Armies were enioynd to fight.
Your worthy Caualier amidſt the thickeſt,
For glorious cauſe, ſtill ayming at the faireſt,
Was at the laſt by young *Don Balthazar*,
Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing:

Their ſtrength alike, their ſtrokes both dangerous:
But wrathfull *Nemeſis*, that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* praiſe and worth,
Cut ſhort his life, to end his praiſe and worth;
Shee, ſhe her ſelfe, diſguiſde in Armours maske,
(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*)
Brought in freſh ſupply of Halbardiers,
Which pauncht his horſe, and dingd him to the ground:
Then young *Don Balthaſar*, with ruthleſſe rage,
Taking aduantage of his foes diſtreſſe,
Did finiſh what his Halbardiers begun,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
Then (though too late) incenſt with iuſt remorce,
I with my Band ſet foorth againſt the Prince,
And brought him priſoner from his Halbardiers.

Bel. Would thou hadſt ſlaine him that ſlue my Loue:
But then, was *Don Andreas* carkaſſe loſt?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly ſtroue,
Nor ſtept I backe, till I recouered him:
I tooke him vp, and wound him in mine armes,
And welding him vnto my priuate Tent,
There layd him downe, and deawd him with my teares,
And ſigh'd and ſorrowed as became a Friend:
But neither friendly ſorrowes, ſighes, nor teares,
Could win pale Death from his vſurped right.
Yet this I did, and leſſe I could not doe,
I ſaw him honoured with due Funerall:
This Scarfe pluckt off from his liueleſſe arme,
And weare it in remembrance of my Friend.

Bel. I know the Scarfe, would he had kept it ſtill;
For had he liued, he would haue kept it ſtill,
And worne it for his *Belimperias* ſake;
For 'twas my fauour at his laſt depart:
But now weare it both for him and me;
For after him thou haſt deſeru'd it beſt:
But for thy kindneſſe in his life and death,
Be ſure while *Belimperias* life endures,
Shee will be *Don Horatios* thankfull friend.

Hor.

Hor. And (Madame) *Don Horatio* will not ſlacke,
Humbly to ſerue faire *Belimperia*.
But now if your good liking ſtand thereto,
Ile craue your pardon, to goe ſeeke the Prince,
For ſo the Duke your father gaue me charge. *Exit.*

Bel. I, goe *Horatio*, leaue me here alone,
For ſolitude beſt fits my cheareleſſe mood:
Yet what auailes to wayle *Andreas* death,
From whence *Horatio* prooues my ſecond Loue?
Had he not loued *Andreas* as he did,
He could not ſit in *Belimperias* thoughts.
But how can Loue find harbour in my breaſt,
Till I reuenge the death of my Beloued?
Yes, ſecond Loue ſhall further my reuenge;
Ile loue *Horatio* my *Andreas* friend,
The more to ſpight the Prince, that wrought his end:
And where *Don Balthazar* that ſlew my Loue,
Himſelfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,
He ſhall in rigour of my iuſt diſdaine,
Reape long repentance of his murderous deed:
For what waſt elſe, but murdrous cowardiſe,
So many to oppreſſe one valiant Knight,
Without reſpect of Honour in the fight?
And heere he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar.

Lor. Siſter, what meanes this melancholy walke?
Bel. That for a while I wiſh no company.
Lor. But heere the Prince is come to viſit you.
Bel. That argues that he liues at libertie.
Bal. No Madame, but in pleaſing ſeruitude.
Bel. Your Priſon then (belike) is your Conceit.
Bal. I, by Conceit my freedome is enthrald.
Bel. Then with conceit enlarge your ſelfe againe.
Bal. What if Conceit haue laid my heart to gage?
Bel. Pay that you borrowed, and recouer it.
Bal. I die if it returne from whence it lies.
Bel. A heartleſſe man, and liues? a miracle.
Bel. I Lady, Loue can worke ſuch miracles.

Lor. Tuſh, tuſh, my Lord, let goe theſe ambages,
And in plaine tearmes, acquaint her with your loue.
Bel. What boots complaint, when there's no remedy.
Bal. Yes, to your gracious ſelfe muſt I complaine,
In whoſe faire anſwere, lyes my remedy;
On whoſe perfection, all my thoughts attend,
On whoſe aſpect, mine eyes find Beauties Bower;
In whoſe tranſlucent Breaſts, my heart is lodged.
Bel. Alaſſe (my Lord) theſe are but words of courſe,
And but deuis'd to driue me from this place.

Shee going in, lets fall her Gloue, which Horatio coming out, takes it vp.

Hor. Madame, your Gloue.
Bel. Thanks good *Horatio*, take it for thy paines.
Bal. Signior *Horatio* ſtoopt in happy time.
Hor. I reap'd more grace then I deſeru'd, or hop'd.
Lor. My Lord, be not diſmayd for what is paſt,
You know that women oft are humerous:
Theſe Clouds will ouer-blow with little winde;
Let me alone, Ile ſcatter them my ſelfe:
Meane while, let vs deuiſe to ſpend the time
In ſome delightſome ſports and reuellings.
Hor. The King (my Lord) is comming hither ſtraight,
To feaſt the *Portingale* Embaſſadour;
Things were in readineſſe before I came.
Bal. Then here it fits vs to attend the King,
To welcome hither our Embaſſadour,
And learne my Father, and my Countries health.

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Embaſſadour.

King. See Lord Embaſſadour, how *Spaine* entreats
Their Priſoner *Balthaſar*, thy Viceroyes ſonne;
We pleaſure more in kindneſſe, then in warres.
Embaſ. Sad is our King, and *Portingale* laments,
Suppoſing that *Don Balthaſar* is ſlaine.
Bal. So am I ſlaine by Beauties tyrannie:
You ſee (my Lord) how *Balthazar* is ſlaine:
I frolike with the Duke of *Caſtiles* ſonne,
Wrapt euery howre in pleaſures of the Court,

And grac'd with fauours of his Maieſtie.

King. Put off your greetings till our Feaſt bee done:
Now come and ſit with vs, and taſte our cheare.

Sit to the Banquet.

Sit downe young Prince, you are our ſecond Gueſt:
Bro her ſit downe, and Nephew take your place:
Signior *Horatio*, wait thou vpon our Cup,
For well thou haſt deſerued to be honoured.
Now Lordings fall to, *Spaine* is *Portingale*,
And *Portingale* is *Spaine*; we both are friends,
Tribute is paid, and we enioy our right.
But where is old *Hieronimo*, our Marſhall?
He promiſed vs in honour of our Gueſt,
To grace our Banquet with ſome pompous ieſt.

Enter Hieronimo with a Drumme, three Knights, each his Scutchion: then he fetches three Kings, they take their Crownes and them captiue.

Hieronimo, this Maske contents mine eye,
Although I found not well the myſtery.

Hier. The firſt armd Knight, that hung his Scutchion vp,

He takes the Scutchion and giues it to the King.

Was Engliſh *Robert*, Earle of *Gloceſter*,
Who when King *Stephen* bore ſway in *Albion*,
Arriu'd with twentie thouſand men
In *Portingale*, and by ſucceſſe of warre,
Enforc'd the King (then but a *Saraſin*)
To beare the yoake of th' Engliſh Monarchie.

King. My Lord of *Portingale* by this you ſee,
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late diſcomfort ſeeme the leſſe.
But ſay *Hieronimo*, what was the next?

Hier. The ſecond Knight that hung his Scutchion vp,

He doth as hee did before.

Was *Edmund* Earle of *Kent* in *Albion*,
When Engliſh *Richard* wore the Diadem:
Hee came likewiſe and razed *Lisbone* walles,
And tooke the King of *Portingale* in fight;
For which, and other ſuch like ſeruice done,

He after was created Duke of *Yorke*.

King. This is another ſpeciall argument,
That *Portingale* may daine to beare our yoake,
When it by little *England* hath beene yoakt.
But now *Hieronimo*, what were the laſt?

Hier. The third and laſt, not leaſt in our account,
Doing as hee did before.
Was (as the reſt) a valiant Engliſh man,
Braue *Iohn of Gaunt* the Duke of *Lancaſter*,
As by his Scutchion plainely may appeare:
He with a puiſant Army came to *Spaine*,
And tooke our King of *Caſtile* priſoner.

Embaſſ. This is an argument for our Viceroy,
That *Spaine* may not inſult for her ſucceſſe,
Since Engliſh Warriours likewiſe conquered *Spaine*,
And made them bow their knees to *Albion*.

King. Hieronimo, I drinke to thee for this deuice,
Which hath pleaſed both the Embaſſadour and me:
Pledge me *Hieronimo*, if thou loue the King.
Takes the Cup of Horatio.
My Lord, I feare we ſit but ouer-long,
Vnleſſe our dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the beſt we haue.
Now let vs in, that wee may be diſpatcht,
I thinke our Counſell is already ſet, *Exeunt omnes.*

Andrea.

Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,
To ſee him feaſt that gaue me my deaths wound?
Theſe pleaſant ſights are ſorrow to my ſoule,
Nothing but League, and Loue, and Banqueting?

Reuenge.

Be ſtill *Andrea*, ere we goe from hence,
Ile turne their Friendſhip into fell Deſpight;
Their Loue to mortall Hate, their Day to Night:
Their Hope into Deſpaire, their Peace to Warre:
Their Ioyes to Paine, their Bliſſe to Miſery.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Belimperia* ſeeme thus coy,
Let Reaſon hold you in your wonted ioy:
In time the ſauage Bull ſuſtaines the Yoake:
In time all haggard Hawkes will ſtoope to Lure:
In time ſmall Wedges cleaue the hardeſt Oake:
In time the hardeſt Flint is pierſt with ſofteſt ſhowre:
And ſhee in time, will fall from her diſdaine,
And rule the ſufferance of your friendly paine.

Bal. No, ſhe is wilder, and more hard withall,
Then Beaſt, or Bird, or Tree, or ſtony Wall.
But wherefore blot I *Belimperias* name?
It is my fault, not ſhe, that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her ſight:
My words are rude, and worke her no delight:
The lines I ſend her, are but harſh and ill,
Such as doe drop from *Pan* and *Marſes* quill:
My Preſents are not of ſufficient coſt,
And being worthleſſe, all my labour's loſt.
Yet might ſhee loue me for my valiancie:
I, but that's ſlaundered by Captiuitie.
Yet might ſhee loue me to content her Sire:
I, but her Reaſon maſters her deſire.
Yet might ſhee loue me, as her Brothers friend:
I, but her hopes ayme at ſome other end.
Yet might ſhee loue me, to vp-reare her ſtate:
I, but perhaps ſhee loues ſome Nobler mate.
Yet might ſhee loue me as her Beauties thrall:
I, but I feare ſhee cannot loue at all.

Lor. My Lord, for my ſake leaue theſe extaſies,
And doubt not but weele finde ſome remedy;
Some cauſe there is, that lets you not beloued;
Firſt that muſt needs be knowne, and then remooued.
What if my Siſter loue ſome other Knight?

Balt. My Summers day will turne to Winters night.
Lor. I haue already found a ſtratagem,
To ſound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.
My Lord, for once you ſhall be rul'd by me,
Hinder me not what ere you heare or ſee:
By force, or faire meanes, will I caſt about,
To find the truth of all this queſtion out.
Hoe, *Pedringano.* *Enter Pedringano.*
Ped. Signiour?
Lor. *Vien que preſto.*
Ped. Hath your Lordſhip any ſeruice to command me?
Lor. I *Pedringano*, ſeruice of import.
And not to ſpend the time in trifling words,
Thus ſtands the caſe. It is not long (thou knoweſt)
Since I did ſhield thee from my fathers wrath,
For thy conueyance in *Andreas* loue:
For which, thou wert adiudged to puniſhment:
I ſtood betwixt thee and thy puniſhment.
And ſince thou knowſt how I haue fauoured thee.
Now to theſe fauours will I adde reward,
Not with faire words, but ſtore of golden Coyne,
And Lands and Liuings ioynd with Dignities,
If thou but ſatisfie my iuſt demand:
Tell truth, and haue me for thy laſting friend.
Ped. What ere it be your Lordſhip ſhall demand,
My bounden dutie bids me tell the truth,
If caſe in me it lies to tell the truth.
Lor. Then *Pedringano*, this is my demaund,
Whom loues my ſiſter *Belimperia*,
For ſhee repoſeth all her truſt in thee?
Speak man, and gaine both friendſhip and reward:
I meane, whom loues ſhee in *Andreas* p'ace?
Ped. Alas my Lord, ſince *Don Andreas* death,
I haue no credit with her as before;
And therefore know not if ſhee loue or no.
Lor. Nay if thou dally, then I am thy foe, *Draws his ſword*
And feare ſhall force, what friendſhip cannot win:
Thy death ſhall bury what thy life conceales;

Thou

Thou dyeſt for more eſteeming her, then me.

Ped. Oh, ſtay my Lord.

Lor. Yet ſpeake the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And ſhield thee from what euer can enſue,
And will conceale what ere proceeds from thee:
But if thou dally once againe, thou dyeſt.

Ped. If Madame *Belimperia* be in loue.

Lor. What villaine, Ifs and ands?

Ped. Oh, ſtay my Lord: ſhee loues *Horatio.*

Balthazar ſtarts backe.

Lor. What *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marſhals ſonne?

Ped. Euen him my Lord.

Lor. Now ſay, but how knoweſt thou that he is her Loue,
And thou ſhalt find me kind and liberall?
Stand vp I ſay, and feareleſſe tell the truth.

Ped. Shee ſent him Letters, which my ſelfe perus'd,
Full fraught with lines, and arguments of Loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar.*

Lor. Sweare on this Croſſe, that what thou ſayeſt is true;
And that thou wilt conceale what thou haſt told.

Ped. I ſweare to both, by him that made vs all.

Lor. In hope thine Oath is true, heere's thy reward:
But if I prooue thee periur'd and vniuſt,
This very Sword whereon thou tookſt thine Oath,
Shall be the worker of thy Tragedy.

Ped. What I haue ſaid is true, and ſhall for me,
Bee ſtill conceald from *Belimperia:*
Beſides, your Honours liberalitie,
Deſerues my dutious ſeruice, euen till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou ſhalt doe for me:
Be watchfull when, and where theſe Louers meet,
And giue me notice in ſome ſecret ſort.

Ped. I will, my Lord.

Lor. Then ſhalt thou find that I am liberall:
Thou knowſt that I can more aduance thy ſtate,
Then ſhee; be therefore wiſe, and faile me not:
Goe and attend her, as thy cuſtome is,
Leſt abſence make her thinke thou doſt amiſſe. *Exit Ped.*

Why ſo: *Tam armis, quam ingenio;*
Where Words preuaile not, Violence preuailes:
But Gold doth more then either of them both.
How likes Prince *Balthazar* of this ſtratagem?

Bal. Both well, and ill: it makes me glad, and ſad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my Loue;
Sad, that I feare ſhee hates me whom I loue;
Glad, that I know on whom to be reuenged;
Sad, that ſheele flie me, if I take reuenge;
Yet muſt I take reuenge, or die my ſelfe,
For Loue reſiſted, growes impatient.
I thinke *Horatio* be my deſtin'd plague:
Firſt, in his hand he brandiſhed a Sword;
And with that Sword, he fiercely waged Warre,
And in that Warre, he gaue me dangerous wounds,
And by thoſe wounds, he forced me to yeeld,
And by my yeelding, I became his ſlaue:
Now in his mouth he carries pleaſing words,
Which pleaſing words, doe harbour ſweet conceits,
Which ſweet conceits, ſmooth *Belimperias* Eares;
And through her Eares, diue downe into her Heart,
And in her Heart ſets him, where I ſhould ſtand.
Thus hath he tane my Body by his force,
And now by ſleight would captiuate my Soule:
But in his fall, Ile tempt the Deſtinies,
And either loſe my life, or win my Loue.

Lor. Lets goe (my Lord) your ſtaying ſtayes Reuenge,
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your Loue,
Her fauour muſt be wonne by his remooue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and Belimperia.

Hor. Now Madame, ſince by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden ſmoake is turn'd to open flame:
And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts,
(Two chiefe contents) where more cannot be had:
Thus in the midſt of Loues faire blandiſhments,
Why ſhew you ſigne of inward languiſhments?

Pedringano ſhewes all to the Prince and Lorenzo, placing them in ſecret.

Bel. My heart(ſweet friend)is like a Ship at Sea,
Shee wiſheth Port,where ryding all at eaſe,
Shee may repaire what ſtormy times haue worne:
And leaning on the Shore, may ſing with ioy,
That pleaſure follow paine, and bliſſe,annoy.
Poſſeſsion of thy Loue,is the onely Port,
Wherein my heart with feares and hopes long toſt,
Each houre doth wiſh and long to make reſort,
Thereon repaire the ioyes that it hath loſt:
And ſitting ſafe, to ſing in *Cupids* Quire,
That ſweeteſt bliſſe, is crowne of Loues deſire.

Balthazar and Lorenzo alone.

Bal. Oh ſleepe mine Eyes,ſee not my Loue prophan'd;
Be deafe mine Eares, heare not my diſcontent;
Dye Heart, another ioyes what thou deſerueſt.
Lor. Watch ſtill mine Eyes,to ſee the Loue disioyn'd:
Heare ſtill mine Eares, to heare them both lament:
Leaue heart to ioy at fond *Horatios* fall.
Bel Why ſtands *Horatio* ſpeechleſſe all this while?
Hor. The leſſe I ſpeake, the more I meditate.
Bel. But whereon chiefly doſt thou meditate?
Hor. On dangers paſt, and pleaſures to enſue.
Bal. On pleaſures paſt, and dangers to enſue.
Bel. What dangers and what pleaſures doſt thou meane?
Hor. Dangers of Warre,and pleaſures of our Loue.
Lor. Dangers of death, but pleaſures none at all.
Bel. Let dangers goe, thy warre ſhall be with me:
But ſuch a warring, as breakes no bond of Peace.
Speake thou faire words, Ile croſſe them with faire words:
Send thou ſweet lookes,Ile meet them with ſweet lookes:
Write louing Lines, Ile anſwere louing Lines:
Giue me a kiſſe, Ile counterchecke thy kiſſe:
Be this our warring Peace,or peaceſull warre.
Hor. But gracious Madame, then appoynt the Field,
Where triall of this warre ſhall firſt be made.
Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldneſſe growes.
Bel. Then by thy Fathers pleaſant Bower, the Field
Where firſt we vow'd our mutuall amitie:

The Court were dangerous, that place is safe:
Our houre shall be, when *Vesper* gins to rise,
That summons home distressed trauailers:
There none shall heare vs but the harmelesse Birds;
Happily the gentle Nightingale
Shall carroll vs asleepe ere we be ware,
And singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and sportfull dalliance,
Till then, each houre will seeme a yeare and more.

Hor. But Hony sweet and honourable Loue,
Retu ne we now into your fathers sight,
Dangerous suspition waits on our delight.

Lor. I, danger mixt with ielous despight,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night. *Exeunt.*

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embassador, Don Ciprian, &c.

King. Brother of *Castile*, to the Princes loue,
What sayes your daughter *Belimperia?*

Cip. Although shee coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that shee loues the Prince;
I doubt not I, but shee will stoope in time:
And were shee froward, which shee will not be,
Yet herein shall shee follow my aduice;
Which is, to loue him, or forgoe my loue.

King. Then Lord Embassadour of *Portingale*,
Aduise thy King to make this mariage vp,
For strengthening of our late confirmed league;
I know no better meanes to make vs friends,
Her Dowry shall be large and liberall:
Besides that, shee is daughter and halfe Heire
Vnto our brother heere, *Don Cyprian*,
And shall enioy the moitie of his Land:
Ile grace her Mariage with an Vnkles gift:
And this it is, (in case the match goe forward)
The Tribute which you pay, shall be releast:
And if by *Balthazar* shee haue a Sonne,
He shall enioy the Kingdome after vs.

Embas. Ile make the motion to my Soueraigne Liege,
And worke it, if my counsaile may preuaile.

King.

King. Doe so (my Lord) and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence here will honour vs,
In celebration of the Nuptiall day,
And let himselfe determine of the time.
Em. Wilt please your Grace command me ought beside?
King. Commend me to the King; and so farewell.
But where's Prince *Balthazar*, to take his leaue?
Emb. That is perform'd already, my good Lord.
King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes Ransome must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that tooke him prisoner;
And well his forwardnesse deserues reward:
It was *Horatio*, our Knight-Marshals sonne.
Emb. Betweene vs, there's a price already pitcht,
And shall be sent with all conuenient speed.
King. Then once againe farewell, my Lord.
Emb. Farewell my Lord of *Castile*, and the rest. *Exit.*
King. Now Brother, you must take some little paine,
To winne faire *Belimperia* from her will:
Young Virgins must be ruled by their friends:
The Prince is amiable, and loues her well:
If shee neglect him, and forgoe his loue,
Shee both will wrong her owne estate and ours;
Therefore while I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greatest pleasures that our Court affoords,
Endeauour you to win your daughters thought:
If she giue backe, all this will come to nought. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, Belimperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings,
To ouer-cloud the brightnesse of the Sunne,
And that in darknesse pleasures may be done:
Come *Belimperia*, let vs to the Bower,
And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.
Bel. I follow thee my Loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting heart controules my soule.
Hor. Why, make you doubt of *Pedringanos* faith?
Bel. No, he is as trustie as my second selfe.
Goe *Pedringano*, watch without the gate,

And let vs know if any make approch.
Ped. In ſtead of watching, Ile deſerue more gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. *Exit Ped.*
Hor. What meanes my Loue?
Bel. I know not what my ſelfe:
And yet my heart foretels me ſome miſchance.
Hor. Sweet, ſay not ſo: faire Fortune is our friend,
And Heauen hath ſhut vp day, to pleaſure vs.
The Starres (thou ſeeſt) hold backe their twinckling ſhine,
And *Luna* hides her ſelfe, to pleaſure vs.
Bel. Thou haſt preuaild, Ile conquer my miſdoubt,
And in thy loue and counſell, drowne my feare:
I feare no more, loue now is all my thoughts.
Why ſit we not? for pleaſure asketh eaſe.
Hor. The more thou ſitſt within theſe leauy Bowers,
The more will *Flora* decke it with her Flowers.
Bel. I but if *Flora* ſpie *Horatio* heere,
Her iealous eye will thinke I ſit too neere.
Hor. Harke Madam, how the Birds record by night,
For ioy that *Belimperia* ſits in ſight.
Bel. No, *Cupid* counterfeits the Nightingale,
To frame ſweet Muſicke to *Horatios* tale.
Hor. If *Cupid* ſing, then *Venus* is not farre:
I, thou art *Venus*, or ſome fairer Starre.
Bel. If I be *Venus*, thou muſt needs be *Mars*;
And where *Mars* reigneth, there muſt needs be Warre.
Hor. Then thus begin our warres: put forth thy hand,
That it may combate with my ruder hand.
Bel. Set foorth thy foot, to try the puſh of mine,
Hor. But firſt my lookes ſhall combate againſt thine.
Bel. Then ward thy ſelfe, I dart this kiſſe at thee.
Hor. Thus I returne the dart thou threwſt at me.
Bel. Nay, then to gaine the glory of the field,
My twining armes ſhall yoake and make thee yeeld.
Hor. Nay, then mine armes are large and ſtrong withall:
Thus Elmes by Vines are compaſt, till they fall.
Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,
Now mayſt thou read, that life in paſsion dyes.

Hor.

Hor. O ſtay a while, and I will dye with thee,
So ſhalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered me.
Bel. Who s there, *Pedringano?* We are betraid.
Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberin, and Pedringano diſguiſed.
Lor. My Lord, away with her. *Take her aſide.*
O ſir, forbeare; your valour is already tride.
Quickly diſpatch my Maſters. *They hang him in the Arbour.*
Hor. What, will ye murder me?
Lor. I thus & thus: theſe are the fruits of loue. *They ſtab him.*
Bel. O ſaue his life, and let me die for him:
O ſaue him Brother, ſaue him *Balthazar:*
I loued *Horatio*, but he loued not mee.
Bal. But *Balthazar* loues *Belimperia.*
Lor. Although his life were ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the higheſt now he is dead.
Bel. Murder, murder, helpe *Hieronimo*, helpe.
Lor. Come, ſtop her mouth: away with her. *Exeunt.*
Enter Hieronimo in his Shirt.
Hier. What out-crie cals me from my naked bed,
And chils my throbbing heart with trembling feare,
Which neuer danger yet could daunt before?
Who cals *Hieronimo?* ſpeake, here I am.
I did not ſlumber, therefore 'twas no dreame.
No, no, it was ſome woman cri'd for helpe,
And here within the Garden did ſhe crie,
And in this Garden muſt I reſcue her.
But ſtay, what murdrous ſpectacle is this?
A man hang'd vp, and all the Murderers gone;
And in my Bower, to lay the guilt on me?
This place was made for pleaſure, not for death:
He cuts him downe.
Thoſe garments that he weares, I oft haue ſeene:
Alas, it is *Horatio* my ſweet ſonne:
Oh no, but he that whilome was my ſonne:
Oh was it thou that call'dſt me from my bed;
Oh ſpeake, if any ſparke of life remaine:
I am thy father: who hath ſlaine my ſonne?
What ſauage Monſter, not of humane kind,

Here hath been glutted with thy harmeleſſe blood,
And left thy bloody Corps diſhonoured here,
For me amidſt this darke and deathfull ſhades,
To drowne thee with an Ocean of my teares?
Oh Heauens, why made you night to couer ſinne?
By day, this deed of darkneſſe had not been;
Oh Earth, why didſt thou not in time deuowre
The vile prophaner of this ſacred Bower?
O poore *Horatio*, what hadſt thou miſdone,
To loſe thy life, ere life was new begun?
Oh wicked Butcher, what ſo ere thou wert,
How couldſt thou ſtrangle Vertue and Deſert?
Aye me moſt wretched, that haue loſt my ioy,
In leeſing my *Horatio* my ſweet boy.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. My Husbands abſence makes my heart to throb.
Hieronimo.

Hier. Heere *Iſabella*, helpe me to lament,
For ſighs are ſtopt, and all my teares are ſpent.

Iſa. What world of griefe? my ſonne *Horatio*,
Oh wheres the authour of this endleſſe woe?

Hier. To know the authour, were ſome eaſe of griefe,
For in reuenge, my heart would finde reliefe.

Iſa. Then is he gone? and is my ſonne gone too?
Oh guſh out teares, fountaines and floods of teares:
Blow ſighes, and raiſe an euerlaſting ſtorme,
For outrage fits our curſed wretchedneſſe.
Aye me *Hieronimo*, ſweet Husband ſpeake.

Hier. He ſupt with vs to night frolicke and merry,
And ſaid, he would goe viſit *Balthazar*,
At the Dukes Pallace: there the Prince doth lodge.
He had no cuſtome to ſtay out ſo late,
Hee may be in his Chamber; ſome goe ſee. *Roderigo*, Ho.

Enter Pedro, and Iaques.

Iſa. Aye me, he raues: ſweet *Hieronimo*.

Hier. True, all *Spaine* takes note of it.
Beſides, he is ſo generally beloued,
His Maieſtie the other day did grace him,

With

With wayting on his cup: theſe be fauours,
Which doe aſſure me that he cannot be ſhort liued.
Iſa. Sweet *Hieronimo.*
Hier. I wonder how this fellow got his Clothes:
Sirha, ſirha, Ile know the truth of all:
Iaques, run to the Duke of *Caſtiles* preſently,
And bid my ſonne *Horatio* to come home,
I, and his mother haue had ſtrange dreames to night:
Doe you heare ſir? *Iaques.* I ſir.
Hier. Well ſir, begon: *Pedro*, come hither;
Knoweſt thou who this is?
Ped. Too well ſir.
Hier. Too well, who? who is it? peace *Iſabella.*
Nay bluſh not man.
Ped. It is my Lord *Horatio.*
Hier. Ha, ha, Saint *Iames*; but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my ſelfe.
Ped. Deluded?
Hier. I, I would haue ſworne my ſelfe within this houre,
That this had been my ſonne *Horatio*,
His garments are ſo like: ha, are they not great perſwaſions?
Iſa. O would to God it were not ſo.
Hier. Were not *Iſabella?* Doſt thou dreame it is?
Can thy ſoft boſome entertaine a thought,
That ſuch a blacke deed of miſchiefe ſhould be done,
On one ſo pure and ſpotleſſe as our ſonne?
Away, I am aſhamed. (griefe,
Iſa. Deare *Hieronimo*, caſt a more ſerious eye vpon thy
Weake apprehenſion giues but weake beliefe.
Hier. It was a man ſure that was hanged vp here,
A Youth, as I remember: I cut him downe.
If it ſhould prooue my ſonne now after all,
Say you, ſay you: light, lend me a Taper;
Let mee looke againe.
O God; confuſion, miſchiefe, torment, death and Hell,
Drop all your ſtings at once in my cold boſome,
That now is ſtiffe with horrour; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me, thou infectiue night.

And drop this deed of Murder downe on me,
Gird in my wast of griefe, with thy large darknesse,
And let me not suruiue, to see the light,
May put me in the minde I had a sonne.

Isa O sweet *Horatio*, O my dearest sonne.

Hier. How strangely had I lost my way to griefe!
Sweet louely Rose, ill pluckt before thy time.
Faire worthy Sonne, not conquered, but betrayd:
Ile kisse thee now, for words with teares are staid.

Isa. And Ile close vp the glasses of his sight,
For once these Eyes were chiefly my delight.

Hier. Seest thou this hand-kircher besmeard with blood?
It shall not from me, till I take reuenge.
Seest thou these wounds, that yet are bleeding fresh?
Ile not intombe them till I haue reuenge:
Then will I ioy amidst my discontent;
Till then, my sorrowes neuer shall be spent.

Isa. The Heauens are iust, Murder cannot be hid:
Time is the authour both of Truth and Right,
And Time will bring this treachery to light.

Hier. Meane while, good *Isabella*, cease thy plaints,
Or at the least, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner finde the practise out,
And learne by whom all this was brought about.
Come *Isabella*, now let's take him vp, *They take him vp.*
And beare him in, from out this cursed place:
Ile say his Dirge, singing fits on this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,
Hieronimo *sets his brest vnto his sword.*
Misceat & nostro detur medician dolori:
Aut si qui faciunt annum oblimia succos,
Prebeat, ipse metum magnam quicunque per orbem,
Gramina Sol pulchras effecit in luminis oras,
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid & iraui euecaca menia nectit.
Omnia perpetiar, letum quoque dum semel omnis,
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus:
Ergo tuos occulos nunquam (mea vita) videbo,

Et tua perpetuus ſepeliuit lumina ſomnus.
Emor ira tecum ſic, Sic inuaire ſub vmbras,
At tamen ab fiſtam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vidiſta tuam tam nulla ſequatur.
Here he throwes it from him, and beares the body away.

Andrea.

Brought'ſt thou me hither, to increaſe my paine?
I lookt that *Balthazar* ſhould haue been ſlaine:
But tis my friend *Horatio* that is ſlaine;
And they abuſe faire *Belimperia*,
On whom I doted more then all the world,
Becauſe ſhe loued me more then all the world.

Reuenge.

Thou talkeſt of the harueſt, when the Corne is greene,
The end is crowne of euery worke well done.
The Sickle comes not till the Corne be ripe.
Be ſtill, and ere I lead thee from this place,
Ile ſhew thee *Balthazar* in heauy caſe.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Villippo.

Vice. INfortunate condition of Kings,
Seated among ſo many helpleſſe doubts:
Firſt, we are plac'd vpon extreameſt height,
And oft ſupplanted with exceeding hate:
But euer ſubiect to the wheele of Chance;
And at our higheſt, neuer ioy we ſo,
As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.
So ſtriueth not the waues with ſundry winds,
As Fortune toyleth in th'affaires of Kings,
That would be fear'd, yet feare to be beloued,
Sith feare, or loue, to Kings is flattery:
For inſtance (Lord ngs) looke vpon your King,
By hate depriued of his deareſt ſonne;
The onely hope of our ſucceſsiue liues.

Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandros* heart,
Had been inuenom'd with ſuch extreame hate:

But

But now I see, that words haue seuerall works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.
Vil. No, for (my Lord) had you beheld the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in Campe, consorted *Balthazar*,
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That hourely coasts the Centre of the earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.
Vice. No more *Villippo*, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words, thou slayest our woundest thoughts;
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:
Goe some of you and fetch the Traytor forth,
That as he is condemned, he may die.
Enter Alexandro, with a Noble-man, and Halberts.
Nobl. In such extreames, will nought but patience serue.
Alex. But in extreames, what patience shall I vse?
Nor discontents it mee to leaue the world,
With whom there nothing can preuaile but wrong.
Nobl. Yet hope the best.
Alex. Tis Heauen is my hope,
As for the Earth, it is too much infected,
To yeeld me hope of any of her mould.
Vice. Why linger ye? bring forth that daring fiend,
And let him die for his accursed deed.
Alex. Not that I feare the extremity of death,
(For Nobles cannot stoope to seruile feare)
Doe I (O King) thus discontented liue.
But this, O this torments my labouring soule,
That thus I dye suspected of a sinne,
Whereof, as heauens haue knowne my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.
Vice. No more I say; to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in those flames,
They binde him to the stake.
That shall prefigure those vnquenched fires
Of *Phlegeton*, prepared for his soule.
Alex. My guiltlesse death will be aueng'd on thee.

On

On thee *Villippo*, that hath malic'd thus;
Or of thy meed, haſt falſely me accus'd.
Vil. Nay *Alexandro*, if thou menace me,
Ile lend a hand to ſend thee to the Lake,
Where theſe thy words ſhall periſh with thy works:
Iniurious Traytour, monſtrous homicide.

Enter Embaſſadour.

Emb. Stay, hold a while; and here (with pardon of his Maieſty) lay hands vpon *Villippo*.
Vice. Embaſſadour, what newes hath vrg'd this ſudden entrance?
Em. Know my Soueraigne, that *Balthazar* doth liue.
Vice. What ſayeſt thou, liueth *Balthazar* our ſonne?
Em. Your Highneſſe ſonne L. *Balthazar* doth liue,
And well intreated in the Court of *Spaine*:
Humbly commends him to your Maieſtie:
Theſe eyes beheld, and theſe my followers,
With theſe the Letters of the Kings commend,

Giues him Letters.

Are happy witneſſe of his Highneſſe health.

The King lookes on the Letters, and proceeds.

Vice. *Thy Sonne doth liue, your Tribute is receiu'd:*
Thy peace is made, and wee are ſatisfied:
The reſt reſolue vpon, as things propos'd,
For both our honours, and thy beneſite.

Emb. Theſe are his Highneſſe further articles.

Giues him more Letters.

Vice. Accurſed wretch, to intimate theſe illes,
Againſt the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro*: Come, my Lord, vnbind him:
Let him vnbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quitall for thy diſcontent.

They vnbinde him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindneſſe you could doe no leſſe,
Vpon report of ſuch a damned fact:
But, thus we ſee our innocency hath ſaued
The hopeleſſe life which thou *Villippo* ſought
By thy ſuggeſtions to haue maſſacred.
Vice. Say falſe *Villippo*, wherefore didſt thou thus.

Falſely betray Lord *Alexandros* life?
Him whom thou knoweſt, that no vnkindneſſe elſe,
But euen the ſlaughter of our deareſt ſonne,
Could once haue mooued vs, to haue miſconceiued.
Alex. Say (treacherous *Villippo*) tell the King:
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vs'd thee ill?
Vil. Rent with remembrance of ſo foule a deed,
My guiltfull ſoule ſubmits me to thy doome:
For, not for *Alexandros* iniuries,
But for reward, and hope to be prefer'd:
Thus haue I ſhameleſſely hazarded his life.
Vice. Which villaine, ſhall be ranſom'd with thy death,
And not ſo meane a torment as we heere
Deuis'd for him, who thou ſaidſt ſlew our ſonne:
But with the bitterſt torments and extreames,
That may be yet inuented for thine end. *Alex. ſeemes to intreat*
Intreat me not, goe take the Traitor hence: *Exit Vil.*
And *Alexandro*, let vs honour thee,
With publique notice of thy loyaltie.
To end thoſe things articulated heere,
By our great Lord, the mightie King of *Spaine*,
Wee with our Counſell will deliberate:
Come *Alexandro*, keepe vs company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo.

Hie. Oh eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with teares.
Oh life! no life, but liuely forme of death:
Oh world! no world, but maſſe of publique wrongs,
Confuſde and fild with murder and miſdeeds:
Oh ſacred Heauen! if this vnhallowed deed,
If this vnhumane and barbarous attempt:
If this incomparable Murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my ſonne,
Shall vnreuealed, and vnreuenged paſſe,
How ſhould we tearme your dealings to be iuſt,
If you vniuſtly deale with thoſe that in your Iuſtice truſt?
The night, ſad Secretary to my moanes,
With direfull Viſions, wake my vexed ſoule,
And with the wounds of my diſtreſſefull ſonne,

Solicite

Solicite me, for notice of his death.
The ougly Fiends doe ſally foorth of Hell,
And frame my ſteps to vnfrequented paths,
And feare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudy Day, my Diſcontent records,
Early begins to regiſter my Dreames,
And driue me foorth to ſeeke the Murderer.
Eyes, Life, World, Heauens, Hell, Night, and Day,
See, ſearch, ſhew, ſend ſome man,
Some meane that may. *A letter falleth.*
What's here, a Letter? tuſh, it is not ſo:
A Letter written to *Hieronimo.* *Red Inke.*
For want of Inke, receiue this bloody Writ;
Me hath my hapleſſe Brother hid from thee:
Reuenge thy ſelfe on Balthazar *and him:*
For thoſe were they that murdered thy ſonne.
Hieronimo, *reuenge* Horatios *death,*
And better ſure then Belimperia *doth.*
What meanes this vnexpected Miracle?
My ſonne ſlaine by *Lorenzo*, and the Prince:
What cauſe had they *Horatio* to maligne?
Or what might moue thee *Belimperia*,
To accuſe thy Brother? Had he been the meane?
Hieronimo beware, thou art bettayd,
And to intrap thy life, this traine is laid:
Aduiſe thee therefore, be not credulous,
This is deuiſed to endanger thee,
That thou by this, *Lorenzo* ſhouldſt accuſe;
And he for thy diſhonour done, ſhould draw
Thy life in queſtion, and thy name in hate.
Deare was the life of my beloued ſonne,
And of his death behooues me be reueng'd:
Then hazard not thine owne *Hieronimo*,
But liue to effect thy reſolution:
I therefore will by circumſtances trie,
What I can gather to confirme this Writ,
And hearken neere the Duke of *Caſtiles* houſe,
Cloſe if I can, with *Belimperia.*

To liſten more; but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano.

Hier. Now *Pedringano.*

Ped. Now *Hieronimo.*

Hier. Where's thy Lady?

Ped. I know not: here's my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, who's this, *Hieronimo?*

Hier. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Lady *Belimperia.*

Lor. What to doe, *Hieronimo?* The Duke my father hath
Vpon ſome diſgrace, awhile remooued her hence:
But if it be ought I may informe her of,
Tell me *Hieronimo*, and Ile let her know it.

Hier. Nay, nay (my Lord) I thanke you, it ſhall not need,
I had a Suit vnto her, but too late,
And her diſgrace makes me vnfortunate.

Lor. Why ſo *Hieronimo?* vſe me.

Hier. Who you, my Lord?
I reſerue your fauour for a greater honour.
This is a very toy, my Lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one *Hieronimo*, acquaint me with it.

Hier. Yfaith my Lord, tis an idle thing, I muſt confeſſe,
I ha bin too ſlacke, too tardy, too remiſſe vnto your Honor.

Lor. How now *Hieronimo?*

Hier. In troth my Lord, it is a thing of nothing;
The murder of a ſonne, or ſo:
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

Lor. Why then farewell.

Hier. My griefe no heart, my thought no tongue can tell.

Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*; ſeeſt thou this? *Exit.*

Ped. My Lord, I ſee it, and ſuſpect it too.

Lor. This is that damned villaine *Serberine*,
That hath (I feare) reueal'd *Horatios* death.

Ped. My Lord, he could not, twas ſo lately done;
And ſince, he hath not left my company.

Lor Admit he haue not, his condition's ſuch,
As feare or flattering words, may make him falſe.

I know

I know his humour, and therewith repent
That ere I vs'd him in this enterpriſe.
But *Pedringano*, to preuent the worſt,
And cauſe I know thee ſecret as my ſoule,
Here, for thy further ſatisfaction, take thee this,
Giues him more Gold.
And hearken to me; Thus it is: diſguis'd,
This night thou muſt, (and prethee ſo reſolue)
Meet *Serberine* at S. *Luges* Parke:
Thou knowſt tis here hard by behind the houſe,
There take thy ſtand, and ſee thou ſtrike him ſure;
For dye he muſt, if we doe meane to liue.
Ped. But how, ſhall *Serberine* be there, my Lord?
Lor. Let me alone, Ile ſend to him to meet
The Prince and me, where thou muſt doe this deed.
Ped. It ſhall be done, my Lord, it ſhall be done,
And Ile goe arme my ſelfe to meet him there.
Lor. When things ſhal alter (as I hope they will)
Then ſhalt thou mount for this: thou knoweſt my mind.
Che le leron. *Exit Pedringano.*

Enter Page.

Page My Lord?
Lor. Goe ſirha, to *Serberine* and bid him forthwith
Meet the Prince and me at S. *Luges* Parke,
Behind the houſe, this euening, Boy.
Page I goe my Lord.
Lor. But ſirha, let the houre be eight a clocke:
Bid him not faile.
Page. I flie, my Lord. *Exit.*
Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou haſt caſt,
Of all theſe practiſes, Ile ſpread the Watch,
Vpon preciſe commandement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night ſhall murder hapleſſe *Serberine*.
Thus muſt we worke, that will avoyd diſtruſt,
Thus muſt we practiſe to preuent miſhap:
And thus one ill, an other muſt expulſe.
This ſlie inquiry of *Hieronimo* for *Belimperia*, breeds ſuſpition

And this ſuſpition boades a further ill.
As for my ſelfe, I know my ſecret fault,
And ſo doe they; but I haue dealt for them:
They that for Coyne their ſoules endangered,
To ſaue my life; for Coyne ſhall venture theirs:
And better tis that baſe companions die,
Then by their life, to hazard our good haps;
Nor ſhall they liue, for me to feare their faith:
Ile truſt my ſelfe, my ſelfe ſhall be my friend:
For die they ſhall; ſlaues are ordaind for no other end. *Exit.*

Enter Pedringano with a Piſtoll.

Ped. Now *Pedringano*, bid thy Piſtoll hold,
And hold on Fortune, once more fauour me,
Giue but ſucceſſe to mine attempting ſpirit,
And let me ſhift for taking of mine ayme:
Here is the Gold, this is the Gold propos'd,
It is no Dreame that I aduenture for,
But *Pedringano* is poſſeſt thereof;
And he that would not ſtraine his Conſcience
For him, that thus his liberall purſe hath ſtretcht,
Vnworthy ſuch a fauour may he faile;
And wiſhing, want, when ſuch as I preuaile:
As for the feare of apprehenſion,
I know (if need ſhould be) my noble Lord
Will ſtand betweene me and inſuing harmes:
Beſides, this place is free from all ſuſpect.
Here therefore will I ſtay, and take my ſtand.

Enter the Watch.

1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expreſſely charg'd to watch?
2 Tis by commaundement in the Kings owne name.
3 But we were neuer wont to watch nor ward
So neere the Duke his houſe before.
2 Content your ſelfe, ſtand cloſe, there's ſomewhat in't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere *Serberine*, attend and ſtay thy pace,
For here did *Don Lorenzos* Page appoynt,
That thou by his commaund ſhouldſt meet with him:

How

How fit a place, if one were so dispos'd,
Me thinkes this corner is to close with one:
Ped. Here comes the Bird that I must ceaze vpon:
Now *Pedringano*, or neuer, play the man.
Ser. I wonder that his Lordship stayes so long,
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?
Ped. For this *Serberine*, and thou shalt ha't. *Shoots the Dog.*
So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd.

The Watch.

1 Harke Gentlemen, this is a Pistoll shot.
2 And here's one slaine; stay the Murderer.
Ped. Now by the sorrowes of the soules in Hell,

He striues with the Watch.

Who first layes hold on me, Ile be his Priest.
3 Sirra confesse (and therein play the Priest)
Why hast thou thus vnkindly kild the man?
Ped. Why? because he walkt abroad so late.
3 Come sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Then haue committed this misdeed so late.
2 Come, to the Marshall with the Murderer.
1 On to *Hieronimo*: helpe me heere
To bring the murdered body with vs too.
Ped. *Hieronimo?* Carry mee before whom you will,
What ere he bee, Ile answere him and you,
And doe your worst, for I defie you all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soone?
Lor. Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.
Bal. What mischiefe is it that we not mistrust?
Lor. Our greatest ills we least mistrust (my Lord)
And vnexpected harmes doe hurt vs most.
Bal. Why, tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concernes our Honour, and your owne?
Lor. Not you, nor me (my Lord) but both in one:
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederates in our fault
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*,
Wee are betrayd to old *Hieronimo*.

Bal.

Bal. Betrayd, *Lorenzo?* tush it cannot be,
Lor. A guiltie Conscience, vrged with the thought
Of former euils, easily cannot erre:
I am perswaded, and dissuade me not,
That all's reuealed to *Hieronimo*,
And therefore know, that I haue cast it thus. *Enter Page.*
But here's the *Page*, How now, what newes with thee?
Page. My Lord, *Serberin* is slaine.
Bal. Who, *Serberin* my man?
Page. Your Highnesse man, my Lord.
Lor. Speake *Page*, who murdered him?
Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.
Lo. Who?
Page. Pedringano.
Bal. I, *Serberin* slaine, that loued his Lord so well,
Iniurious Villaine, murderer of his Friend.
Lor. Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberin?*
My Lord, let me intreat you to take the paines
To exasperate and hasten his reuenge,
With your complaints vnto my Lord the King,
This their dissention, breeds a greater doubt.
Bal. Assure thee *Don Lorenzo*, he shall die,
Or else his Highnesse hardly shall denie.
Meane while, Ile haste the Marshall Sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed. *Exit Bal.*
Lor. Why so, this fits our former pollicie,
And thus experience bids the wise to deale:
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the poynt:
I set the trap, he breakes the worthlesse twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the Bird was limd.
Thus hopefull men that meane to hold their owne,
Must looke like Fowlers, to their deareſt friends;
He runnes to kill, whom I haue hope to catch,
And no man knowes it was my reaching fetch.
Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,
Or any one (in mine opinion)
When men themselues their secrets will reueale.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger with a Letter.

Lor. Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. What's hee?

Meſ. I haue a Letter to your Lordſhip.

Lor. From whence?

Meſ. From *Pedringano*, that's impriſoned.

Lor. So, he is impriſoned then?

Meſ. I, my good Lord.

Lor. What would he with vs?

He writes vs here, *To ſtand good L. and helpe him in diſtreſſe, &c.*
Tell him, I haue his Letters, know his minde;
And what we may, let him aſſure him of.
Fellow be gone, my Boy ſhall follow thee. *Exit. Meſ.*
This workes like waxe; yet once more trie thy wits.
Boy, goe, conuey this Purſe to *Pedringano*,
Thou knoweſt the Priſon, cloſely giue it him,
And bee aduis'd that none be there about:
Bid him be merry ſtill, but ſecret;
And though the Marſhals Seſsions be to day,
Bid him not doubt of his deliuery;
Tell him, his Pardon is already ſign'd;
And thereon bid him boldly be reſolu'd:
For were he ready to be turned off,
(As tis my will the vttermoſt be tride)
Thou with his Pardon wilt attend him ſtill:
Shew him this Box, tell him his Pardons in't:
But open't not, and if thou loueſt thy life:
But let him wiſely keepe his hopes vnknowne,
He ſhall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues: away.

Page I goe (my Lord) I runne. *Exit Page.*

Lor. But ſirha, ſee that this be cleanly done.
Now ſtands our Fortune on a tickle poynt,
And now or neuer, ends *Lorenzos* doubts:
One onely thing is vneffected yet,
And that's to ſee the Executioner,
But to what end? lift not to truſt the Ayre
With vtterance of our pretence therein,

For feare the priuy whispering of the winde,
Conuey our words amongst vnfriendly eares,
That lie too open to aduantages.
Et quel que voglio, il nessun le sa,
Intendo io quel mi bassara. *Exit.*

Enter Boy with the Box.

Boy. My Master hath forbidden me to looke in this Box; & by my honesty tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not haue had so much idle time: for we Men-kind in our minoritie, are like women in their vncertaintie; that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. By my bare credit, here's nothing but the bare emptie box: were it not sin against Secrecy, I would say it were a piece of Gentleman-like knauery: I must go to *Pedringano*, and tell him his Pardon is in this box; nay, I would haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrary. I cannot chuse but smile, to thinke how the villaine wil howt the Gallows, scorne the Audience, and descant on the Hang-man; and all presuming of his Pardon from hence. Wilt not bee an odde iest, for mee to stand and grace euery iest he makes, pointing my finger at this Box, as who should say, Mock on, here's thy Warrant? Ist not a scuruy iest, that a man should iest himselfe to death? Alas poore *Pedringano*, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should bee hanged with thee, I could not weepe. *Exit.*

Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputie.

Hier. Thus must we toyle in other mens extreames,
That know not how to remedy our owne;
And doe them Iustice, when vniustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compasse no redresse.
But shall I neuer liue to see the day,
That I may come by Iustice (of the Heauens)
To know the cause, that may my cares allay?
This toyles my body, this consumeth age,
That onely I, to all men iust must be,
And neither Gods nor Men be iust to me.

Depu. Worthy *Hieronimo*, your Office askes
A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hier. So ist my dutie to regard his death,

Who

Who when he liued, deſeru'd my deareſt blood.
But come, for that we came for: let's begin,
For heere lies that, which bids me to be gone.

Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano with a Letter in his hand, bound.

Depu. Bring foorth the Priſoner, for the Court is ſet.

Ped. Gramercie Boy: but it was time to come,
For I had written to my Lord anew,
A nearer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordſhip had forgotten me:
But ſith he hath remembred me ſo well;
Come, come, come on, when ſhall we to this geare?

Hier. Stand foorth thou Monſter, Murderer of men,
And heere for ſatisfaction of the world,
Confeſſe thy folly, and repent thy fault;
For there's the place of execution.

Ped. This is ſhort worke: well, to your Marſhalſhip.
Firſt, I confeſſe, (nor feare I death therefore)
I am the man, 'twas I ſlew *Serberine*.
But ſir, then you thinke this ſhall be the place,
Where we ſhall ſatisfie you for this geare?

Depu. I, *Pedringano*.

Ped. No, I thinke not ſo.

Hier. Peace impudent, for thou ſhalt find it ſo,
For blood with blood, ſhall (while I ſit as Iudge)
Be ſatisfied, and the Law diſcharg'd.
And though my ſelfe cannot receiue the like,
Yet will I ſee that others haue their right.
Diſpatch, the fault approued, and confeſt;
And by our Law, he is condemn'd to die. *Enter Hangman.*

Hang. Come on ſir, are you ready?

Ped. To doe what? my fine officious knaue.

Hang. To goe to this geare.

Ped. O ſir, you are too forward; thou wouldſt faine furniſh me with a halter, to diſfurniſh me of my Habite:
So I ſhould go out of this geare my Raiment, into that geare the Rope:
But Hang-man, now I ſpie your knauery; Ile not change

without boote, that's flat.

Hang. Come sir.

Ped. So then, I must vp?

Hang. No remedy.

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for comming downe.

Hang. Indeed here's a remedy for that.

Ped. How, to be turned off?

Hang. I truly. Come, are you ready?
I pray you sir dispatch, the day goes away.

Ped. What, doe you hang by the houre? if you doe, I may chance to breake your old custome.

Hang. Faith you haue no reason, for I am like to breake your young necke.

Ped. Doest thou mocke me, Hang-man? Pray God I bee not preserued to breake your knaues pate for this.

Han Alas sir, you are a foot too low to reach it: and I hope you will neuer grow so high, whiles I am in the Office.

Ped Sirra, dost see yonder Boy with the Box in his hand?

Hang. What, he that points to it with his finger?

Ped. I, that companion.

Hang. I know him not, but what of him?

Ped. Doest thou thinke to liue till his old Doublet will make thee a new Trusse?

Hang. I, and many a faire yeere after, to trusse vp many an honester man, then either thou, or hee.

Ped. What hath he in his Box, as thou thinkest?

Hang. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly;
Me thinks, you should rather hearken to your soules health.

Ped. Why sirra Hang-man, I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the Soule: and it may bee, in that Boxe is Balme for both.

Hang. Well, thou art euen the merriest piece of Mans-flesh, that euer groan'd at my Office doore.

Ped. Is your rogary become an office with a knaues name?

Hang. I, and that shall all they witnesse, that see you seale it with a Theeues name.

Ped. I prethee request this good company to pray for me.

Hang. I marry sir, this is a good motion: My Masters, you

ſee heere's a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember mee, let them alone till ſome other time; for now I haue no great need.

Hier. I haue not ſeene a wretch ſo impudent.
O monſtrous times, where Murder's ſet ſo light;
And where the Soule, that ſhould be ſhrin'd in heauen,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wandring in the thornie paſſages,
That intercepts it ſelfe of happineſſe.
Murder, O bloody Monſter; God forbid,
A fault ſo foule, ſhould ſcape vnpuniſhed.
Diſpatch and ſee the Execution done,
This makes me to remember thee, my ſonne. *Exit Hier.*

Ped. Nay ſoft, no haſte.

Depu. Why, wherefore ſtay you? Haue you hope of life?

Ped. Why I.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why Raſcall, by my pardon from the King.

Hang. Stand you on that? then you ſhall off with this.
Hee turnes him off.

Depu. So Executioner, conney him hence;
But let his body be vnburied:
Let not the Earth be choaked, or infect
With that, which Heauen contemne, and men neglect.
Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. Where ſhall I runne to breath abroad my woes,
My woes, whoſe weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine Exclaimes, that haue ſurcharg'd the Ayre;
With ceaſeleſſe Plaints, for my deceaſed Sonne:
The bluſtring Winds, conſpiring with my words,
At my lament, haue moou'd the leafeleſſe trees;
Diſroab'd the Meadowes of their flowred greene,
Made Mountaines Marſh, with Spring-tide of my teares:
And broken through the Brazen gates of Hell.
Yet ſtill tormented is my tortured Soule,
With broken ſighes, and reſtleſſe paſsions,
That winged mount, and houering in the ayre:

But at the Windowes of the brighteſt Heauens,
Soliciting for Iuſtice and Reuenge:
But they are plac'd in thoſe Imperiall heights,
Where, countermur'd with walles of Diamond,
I find the place impregnable: and they
Reſiſt my woes, and giue my words no way.

Enter Hangman with a Letter.

Hang. O Lord ſir, God bleſſe you ſir; the man ſir, *Petergad*, Sir, hee that was ſo full of merry conceits.

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hang. O Lord ſir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had a faire Commiſsion to the contrary. Sir, here is his Paſport; I pray you ſir, we haue done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, giue it me.

Hang. You will ſtand betweene the Gallowes and me?

Hier. I, I.

Hang. I thanke your L. Worſhip! *Exit Hangman.*

Hier. And yet, though ſomewhat neerer me concernes,
I will to eaſe the griefe that I ſuſtaine,
Take truce with Sorrow, while I read on this.

My Lord, I write, as my extreames require,
That you would labour my deliuery:
If you neglect, my life is deſperate,
And in my death, I ſhall reueale the truth:
You know (my Lord) I ſlew him for your ſake;
And was confederate with the Prince and you,
Wonne by rewards, and hopefull promiſes,
I holpe to murder Don Horatio *too.*

Holpe he to murder mine *Horatio*,
And actors in th'accurſed Tragedy?
Waſt thou *Lorenzo*, *Balthazar*, and thou,
Of whom my ſonne, my ſonne deſeru'd ſo well?
What haue I heard? what haue mine eyes beheld?
O ſacred Heauens, may it come to paſſe,
That ſuch a monſtrous and deteſted deed,
So cloſely ſmotherd, and ſo long conceald,
Shall thus be thus reuenged, or reueald:
Now ſee I what, I durſt not then ſuſpect,

That

Thou knoweſt not what, my ſoule hath ſilent wept,

That *Belimperias* Letter was not fain'd:
Nor fained ſhe, though falſely they haue wrong'd
Both her, my ſelfe, *Horatio*, and themſelues:
Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,
Of euery accident, I nere could find,
Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue
They did, what heauen vnpuniſht ſhould not leaue.
O falſe *Lorenzo*, are theſe thy flattering lookes?
Is this the honour that thou didſt my ſonne?
And *Balthazar*, bane to thy ſoule and me?
Was this the ranſome he reſeru'd for thee?
Woe to the cauſe of theſe conſtrained Warres;
Woe to thy baſeneſſe, and captiuitie.
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy ſoule,
Thy curſed father, and thy conquered ſelfe,
And band with bitter execrations be,
The day and place where he did pitie thee.
But wherefore waſte I mine vnfruitfull words,
When nought but Blood will ſatisfie my woes?
I will goe plaine me to my Lord the King,
And cry alowd for Iuſtice through the Court,
Wearing the Flints with theſe my withered feet,
And either purchaſe Iuſtice by intreats,
Or tyre them all with my reuenging threats. *Exit.*

Enter Iſabella, and her Mayd.

Iſa. So that you ſay this hearbe will purge the eyes,
And this the head: ah, but none of them wil purge the heart:
No there's no Medicine left for my Diſeaſe,
Nor any Phiſicke to recure the Dead. *She runnes Lunaticke.*
Horatio, O where's *Horatio?*

Maid. Good Madame, affright not thus your ſelfe,
With outrage for your Sonne *Horatio*;
He ſleepes in quiet in the Elizian Fields.

Iſa. Why, did I not giue you gownes, and goodly things?
Bought you a Whiſtle, and Whipſtalke too,
To be reuenged on their villanies?

Maid. Madam, theſe humours doe torment my ſoule.

Iſa. My ſoule, poore ſoule; thou talkſt of things

Thou

This that I did, was for a policie.

Thou knowest not what, my soule hath siluer wings,
That mounts me vp vnto the highest heauens:
To Heauen, I there sits my *Horatio*,
Back'd with a troupe of fiery Cherubins,
Dauncing about his newly healed wounds,
Singing sweet Hymmes, and chaunting heauenly notes;
Rare Harmony to greete his innocency,
That liu'd; I, died a Mirror in our dayes.
But say, where shall I finde the Man, the Murderers,
That slew *Horatio*? Whither shall I runne
To find them out, that murdered my Sonne? *Exeunt.*

Belimperia at a window.

Bel. What meanes this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequestred from the Court?
No notice; shall I not know the cause,
Of this my secret and suspitious illes?
Accursed Brother, vnkind Murderer,
Why bendst thou thus thy mind to Martyr me?
Hieronimo, why write I of thy wrongs?
Or why art thou so slacke in thy reuenge?
Andrea, O *Andrea!* that thou sawest
Mee, for thy friend *Horatio* handled thus;
And him for me, thus causelesse murdered.
Well, force perforce, I must constraine my selfe
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till Heauen (as I haue hoped) shall set me free.

Enter Christophel.

Chris. Come Madame *Belimperia*, this must not be.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talke no further, thus farre things goe well,
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead?

Page. Or else (my Lord) I liue not.

Lor. That's enough.
As for his resolution in his end,
Leaue that to him with whom he sojournes now:
Heere take my Ring and giue it *Christophell*,
And bid him let my sister be enlarg'd,
And bring her hither straight.

This

This that I did, was for a policie,
To smoothe and keepe the murder secret,
Which as a nine dayes wonder, being ore-blowne,
My gentle sister will I now inlarge.

Bal. And time *Lorenzo* for my Lord the Duke,
You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why? and my Lord (I hope) you heard me say,
Sufficient reason, why she kept away:
But that's all one; (my Lord) you loue her?

Bal. I.

Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly,
Salue all suspitions, onely sooth me vp:
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs,
As for her Sweet-heart, and concealement so;
Iest with her gently: vnder fained iest,
Are things conceald, that else would breed vnrest;
But here shee comes.

Enter Belimperia.

Lor. Now Sister?

Bel. Sister: No, thou art no brother, but an enemy:
Else wouldst thou not haue vs'd thy sister so:
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawne,
And with extreames abuse my company;
And then to hurry me like whirle-winds rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates,
And clapt me vp where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reueale my wrongs.
What madding fury did possesse thy wit?
Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

Lor. Aduise you better *Belimperia.*
For I haue done you no disparagement:
Vnlesse by more discretion then deserued,
I sought to saue your honour, and mine owne.

Bel. Mine honour? Why *Lorenzo*, wherein ist,
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any need to rescue it?

Lor. His Highnesse, and my Father were resolu'd,
To come conferre with old *Hieronimo*,

Concerning certaine matters of Eſtate,
That by the Viceroy was determined.
Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?
Bal. Haue patience *Belimperia*, heare the reſt.
Lor. Me (next in ſight) as Meſſenger they ſent,
To giue him notice that they were ſo nigh.
Now when I came conſorted with the Prince,
And (vnexpected) in an Arbour there,
Found *Belimperia* with *Horatio*.
Bel. How then?
Lor. Why then, remembring that old diſgrace,
Which you for *Don Andrea* had endur'd,
And now were likely longer to ſuſtaine,
By being found ſo meanly accompanied:
Thought rather, (for I know no readier meane)
To thruſt *Horatio* foorth my fathers way.
Bal. And carry you obſcurely ſomewhere elſe,
Leſt that his Highnes ſhould haue found you there.
Bel. Euen ſo (my Lord) and you are witneſſe,
That this is true which he intreateth of.
You (gentle Brother) forged this for my ſake;
And you (my Lord) were made his inſtrument:
A worke of worth, worthy the noting too.
But what's the cauſe that you conceald me ſince?
Lor. Your melancholy (Siſter) ſince the newes
Of your firſt fauourite *Don Andreas* death,
My Fathers old wrath hath exaſperate.
Bal. And better waſt for you (being in diſgrace)
To abſent your ſelfe, and giue his fury place.
Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?
Lor. That were to adde more fuell to the fire,
Who burnt like *Ætna*, for *Andreas* loſſe.
Bel. Hath not my father then enquir'd for me?
Lor. Siſter, he hath, and thus excuſed I thee.
He whiſpereth in her eare.
But *Belimperia*, ſee the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy Loue, behold young *Balthazar*,
Whoſe paſsions by thy preſence, are increaſt;

And

And in whoſe melancholy, thou mayſt ſee
Thy hate, his loue; thy flight, his following thee?
Bel. Brother, you are become an Oratour,
I know not I, by what experience;
Too politique for me, paſt all compare,
Since laſt I ſaw you; but content your ſelfe,
The Prince is meditating higher things.
Bal. Tis of thy Beautie then, that conquers Kings:
Of thoſe thy Treſſes, *Ariadnes* twinnes,
Wherewith my Libertie thou haſt ſurpriz'd:
Of that thine Iuory Front, my ſorrowes Map,
Wherein I ſee no Hauen to reſt my hope.
Bel. To loue, and feare; and both at once my Lord,
In my conceit, are things of more import,
Then Womens wits are to be buſied with.
Bal. Tis I that loue.
Bel. Whom?
Bal. *Belimperia.*
Bel. But I, that feare.
Bal. Whom?
Bel. *Belimperia.*
Lor. Feare your ſelfe?
Bel. I Brother.
Lor. How?
Bel. As thoſe that when they loue, are loath, and feare to loſe.
Bal. Then faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be.
Bel. *Balthazar* doth feare as well as wee:
Eſt tremulo me tui pauidem iunxere timorem,
Et vanum ſtolidæ proditionis opus. *Exit.*
Lor. Nay, and you argue things ſo cunningly,
Weele goe continue this Diſcourſe at Court.
Bal. Led by the Load-ſtarre of her heauenly lookes,
Wendes poore oppreſſed *Balthazar*,
As ore the Mountaines walkes the wanderer,
Incertaine to effect his Pilgrimage. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meets them.

1 By your leaue ſir.
Hier. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,

Nor as you thinke: you'r wide all:
Theſe Slippers are not mine, they were my ſonne *Horatios*.
My ſonne, and what's a ſonne?
A thing begot within a paire of Minutes, there about:
A lump bred vp in darkneſſe, and doth ſerue
To ballance thoſe light creatures we call Women,
And at nine moneths end, creepes foorth to light.
What is there yet in a Sonne,
To make a Father dote, raue, or runne mad?
Being Borne, it powts, cries and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a Sonne?
He muſt be fed, be taught to goe, and ſpeake:
I, or yet; why might not a man loue a Calfe as well?
Or melt in paſsion ore a friſking Kidde, as for a Sonne?
Me thinkes a young Bacon,
Or a fine little ſmooth Horſe-colt,
Should mooue a man, as much as doth a Sonne,
For one of theſe in very little time,
Will grow to ſome good vſe; whereas a Sonne,
The more he growes in ſtature and in yeares,
The more vnſquar'd, vnleauelled he appeares;
Reckons his Parents among the ranke of Fooles,
Strikes cares vpon their heads with his mad Ryots,
Makes them looke old, before they meet with age:
This is a Sonne: and what a loſſe were this conſidered truly?
Oh but my *Horatio*, grew out of reach of thoſe
Inſatiate humours: he loued his louing Parents;
He was my comfort, and his Mothers ioy,
The very arme that did hold vp our Houſe:
Our hopes were ſtored vp in him.
None but a damned Murderer could hate him.
He had not ſeene the backe of nineteene yeere,
When his ſtrong arme vnhorſt the proud Prince *Balthazar*:
And his great minde too full of Honour,
Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble *Portingale*.
Well, Heauen is Heauen ſtill,
And there is *Nemeſis*, and Furies,
And things called Whippes,

And

And they ſometimes doe meet with Murderers,
They doe not alwayes ſcape, that's ſome comfort.
I, I, I, and then time ſteales on, and ſteales, and ſteales,
Till violence leapes foorth like thunder
Wrapt in a Ball of fire,
And ſo doth bring confuſion to them all.
Good leaue haue you: I pray you goe,
For Ile leaue, if you can leaue me, ſo.

2 Pray you, which is the way to my Lord the Dukes?

Hier. The next way from me.

2 To his houſe, we meane.

Hier. O hard by, tis yon houſe that you ſee.

2 You could not tell vs if his ſonne were there.

Hier. Who, my Lord *Lorenzo?*

1 I, ſir.

He goes in at one doore, and comes out at another.

Hie. Oh, forbeare, for other talke for vs farre fitter were,
But if you be importune to know
The way to him, and where to finde him out,
Then liſt to me, and Ile reſolue your doubt:
There is a path vpon your left hand ſide,
That leadeth from a guiltie Conſcience,
Vnto a Forreſt of diſtruſt and feare,
A darkeſome place, and dangerous to paſſe;
There ſhall you meet with melancholly thoughts,
Whoſe palefull humours if you but behold,
It will conduct you to diſpaire and death:
Whoſe rockie cliffes, when you haue once beheld,
Within a hugie dale of laſting night,
That's kindled with the worlds iniquities,
Doth caſt vp filthy and deteſted fumes.
Not far from thence, where Murtherers haue built,
An habitation for their curſed ſoules:
There in a brazen Caldron fixt by *Ioue*
In his fell wrath, vpon a ſulphire flame,
Your ſelues ſhall find *Lorenzo* bathing him,
In boyling Lead, and Blood of Innocents.

1 Ha, ha, ha.

Hier. Ha,ha,ha: why ha,ha,ha? farewell good ha,ha,ha:
Doubtlesse this man is passing lunatike, *Exit.*
Or, imperfection of his age doth make him dote:
Come, let's away, to seeke my Lord the Duke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo with a Poyniard in one hand, and a Rope in the other.

Hier. Now sir, perhaps I come and see the King:
The King sees me, and faine would heare my Suite.
Why is not this a strange and seeld seene thing,
That standers by, with toyes should strike me mute?
Goe to, I see their shifts, and say no more.
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge,
Downe by the Dale that flowes with purple gore,
Standeth a fiery Tower; there sits a Iudge
Vpon a Seat of Steele, and molten Brasse:
And twixt his Teeth hee holds a Fire-brand,
That leades vnto the Lake where Hell doth stand.
Away *Hieronimo*, to him begone:
Heele doe thee Iustice for *Horatios* death.
Turne downe this path, thou shalt be with him streight:
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breath,
This way, or that way: soft and faire, not so;
For if I hang, or kill my selfe, let's know,
Who will reuenge *Horatios* murder then?
No, no, fie no: pardon me, Ile none of that.

He flings away the Dagger and Halter.

This way Ile take, and this way comes the King.

He takes them vp againe.

And heere Ile haue a fling at him that's flat;
And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring;
And thee *Lorenzo*; heere's the King, nay stay:
And heere, I heare: there goes the haire away.

Enter King, Embassadour, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour, what our Viceroy saith:
Hath he receiued the Articles we sent?

Hier. Iustice, O Iustice to *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Backe, seest thou not the King is busie?

Hier. O is he so?

King.

King. Who is he that interrupts our buſineſſe?
Hier. Not I: *Hieronimo* beware, goe by, goe by.
Embaſ. Renowned King, he hath receiu'd, and read
Thy Kingly proffers, and thy promis'd League:
And as a man extreamely ouerioy'd,
To heare his Sonne ſo princely entertain'd,
Whoſe death he had ſo ſolemnly bewayl'd.
This for thy further ſatisfaction,
And Kingly loue, he kindly lets thee know:
Firſt for the Mariage of his Princely Sonne
With *Belimperia*, thy beloued Neece,
The newes are more delightfull to his ſoule,
Then Myrrh or Incenſe to the offended Heauens:
In perſon therefore will he come himſelfe,
To ſee the Mariage Rites ſolemnized;
And in the preſence of the Court of *Spaine*,
To knit a ſure inexplicable band
Of Kingly loue, and euerlaſting league,
Betwixt the Crownes of *Spaine* and *Portingale*;
There will he giue his Crowne to *Balthazar*,
And make a Queene of *Belimperia*.
King. Brother, how like you this our Viceroyes loue?
Caſt. No doubt (my Lord) it is an argument
Of honourable care to keepe his Friend,
And wondrous zeale to *Balthazar* his ſonne:
Nor am I leaſt indebted to his Grace,
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.
Emb. Now laſt (dread Lord) here hath his Highnes ſent,
(Although he ſend not that his Sonne returne)
His Ranſome due to *Don Horatio*.
Hier. *Horatio*, who calles *Horatio*?
King. And well remembred, thanke his Maieſtie:
Heere, ſee it giuen to *Horatio*.
Hier. Iuſtice, O Iuſtice, Iuſtice, gentle King.
King. Who is that, *Hieronimo*?
Hier. Iuſtice, O Iuſtice: O my Sonne, my Sonne,
My Sonne, who nought can ranſome or redeeme.
Lor. *Hieronimo*, you are not well aduiſde.

Hier.

Hier. Away *Lorenzo*, hinder me no more,
For thou haſt made me bankrupt of my bliſſe;
Giue me my ſonne, you ſhall not ranſome him.
Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,
He diggeth with his Dagger.
And ferry ouer to the Elizian plaines,
And bring my Sonne to ſhew his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me, Ile make a Pick-axe of my Poniard,
And heere ſurrender vp my Marſhalſhip:
For Ile goe Marſhall vp my fiends in Hell,
To be auenged on you all for this.

King. What meanes this outrage;
Will none of you reſtraine his furie?

Hier. Nay ſoft and faire, you ſhall not need to ſtriue,
Needs muſt he goe that the Deuils driue. *Exit.*

King. What accident hath hapt to *Hieronimo?*
I haue not ſeene him to demeane him ſo.

Lor. My gracious Lord, he is with extreame pride,
Conceiu'd of young *Horatio* his Sonne:
And couetous of hauing to himſelfe
The Ranſome of the young Prince *Balthazar*,
Diſtract and in a manner lunatike.

King. Beleeue me Nephew, we are ſorry for't,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes:
But gentle Brother, goe giue to him this Gold,
The Princes Ranſome; let him haue his due,
For what he hath, *Horatio* ſhall not want,
Happily *Hieronimo* hath need thereof.

Lor. But if he be thus hapleſly diſtract,
Tis requiſite his Office be reſign'd,
And giuen to one of more diſcretion.

King. We ſhall increaſe his melancholy ſo,
Tis beſt we ſee further in it firſt:
Till when, our ſelfe will exempt the place.
And Brother, now bring in the Embaſſadour,
That he may bee a witneſſe of the Match,
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Belimperia*,
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,

Where

Wherein the Mariage ſhall be ſolemnized,
That we may haue thy Lord the Viceroy here.
Emb. Therein your Highneſſe highly ſhall content
His Maieſtie, that longs to heare from hence.
King. On then, and heare your Lord Embaſſador. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iaques, and Pedro.

Iaq. I wonder *Pedro*, why our Maſter thus,
At mid-night ſends vs with our Torches light,
When Man, and Bird, and Beaſt are all at reſt,
Saue thoſe that watch for Rape & bloody murther.
Ped. O *Iaques*, know thou that our Maſters mind
Is much diſtraught ſince his *Horatio* died:
And now his aged yeares ſhould ſleepe in reſt,
His heart in quiet, like a deſperate man,
Growes lunatike and childiſh, for his Sonne:
Sometimes as he doth at his Table ſit,
He ſpeakes as if *Horatio* ſtood by him.
Then ſtarting in a rage, falles on the earth,
Cries out *Horatio*, where is my *Horatio?*
So that with extreame griefe, and cutting ſorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of Man:
See, heere he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. I pry through euery creuiſe of each wall,
Looke at each Tree, and ſearch through euery Brake,
Beat on the Buſhes, ſtampe our Grandame Earth,
Diue in the Water, and ſtare vp to Heauen:
Yet cannot I behold my Sonne *Horatio.*
How now, who's there, Sprights, Sprights?
Ped. We are your ſeruants that attend you Sir.
Hier. What make you with your Torches in the darke?
Ped. You bid vs light them, and attend you here.
Hier. No, no, you are deceiu'd, not I, you are deceiu'd:
Was I ſo mad to bid you light your Torches now?
Light me your Torches at the mid of Noone,
When as the Sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your Torches then.
Ped. Then we burne day-light.

Hier. Let it be burnt, Night is a murdrous ſlut,
That would not haue her treaſons to be ſeene;
And yonder pale-fac'd Hecat there the Moone,
Doth giue conſent to that is done in darkneſſe:
And all thoſe Starres that gaze vpon her face,
Are Aglots on her ſleeue, pinnes on her traine:
And thoſe that ſhould be powerfull and diuine,
Doe ſleepe in darkneſſe, when they moſt ſhould ſhine.

Ped. Prouoke them not (faire ſir) with tempting words,
The Heauens are gracious, and your miſeries and ſorrow,
Makes you ſpeake you know not what.

Hier. Villaine, thou lyeſt; and thou doeſt nought
But tell me, I am mad: thou lyeſt, I am not mad;
I know thee to be *Pedro*, and he *Iaques*.
Ile prooue it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was ſhe the ſame night, when my *Hora* was murdred?
She ſhould haue ſhone: Search thou the Booke: (grace,
Had the Moone ſhone in my Boyes face (there was a kind of
That I know) nay, I doe know had the Murderers ſeene him,
His weapon would haue falne and cut the earth,
Had he been fram'd of nought but blood and death:
Alacke, when Miſchiefe doth it knowes not what,
What ſhall wee ſay to Miſchiefe?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Deare *Hieronimo* come in a doores,
Oh ſeeke not meanes ſo to encreaſe thy ſorrow.

Hier. Indeed *Iſabella*, we doe nothing here;
I doe not crie, aske *Pedro*, and *Iaques*:
Not I indeed, we are very merry, very merry.

Iſa How? be merry here, be merry here.
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my *Horatio* died, where he was murdered?

Hie. Was, doe not ſay what: let her weepe it out,
This was the tree, I ſet it of a Kirnell;
And when our hote *Spaine* could not let it grow,
But that the Infant and the humane ſappe
Began to wither; duely twice a morning,
Would I be ſprinkling it with fountaine water:

At laſt it grew and grew, and bore, and bore:
Til at the length it grew a gallows, and did beare our ſonne;
It bore thy fruit and mine: O wicked, wicked Plant.

One knockes within at the doore.

See who knocks there?

Pedro. It is a Painter ſir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint ſome comfort,
For ſurely there's none liues but painted comfort:
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chance:
Gods will, that I ſhould ſet this tree.
But euen ſo Maſters, vngrateful ſeruants, reard from nought,
And then they hate them, that did bring them vp.

Enter the Painter.

Paint. God bleſſe you ſir.

Hier. Wherefore? why, thou ſcornefull Villaine?
How, where, or by what meanes ſhould I be bleſt?

Iſa. What wouldſt thou haue, good fellow?

Paint. Iuſtice, Madame.

Hier. O ambitious Beggar, wouldſt thou haue that,
That liues not in the world?
Why, all the vndelued Mynes cannot buy
An ounce of Iuſtice, tis a Iewell ſo ineſtimable,
I tell thee, God hath ingroſſed all Iuſtice in his hands,
And there is none, but what comes from him.

Pain. O then I ſee, that God muſt right me for my murdred ſonne.

Hier. How, was thy ſonne murdred?

Pain. I ſir: no man did hold a ſonne ſo deare.

Hier. What, not as thine? that's a lye;
As maſsie as the Earth, I had a ſonne,
Whoſe leaſt vnualued haire did weigh
A thouſand of thy ſonnes, and he was murdered.

Pain. Alas ſir, I had no more but he.

Hier. Nor I, nor I: But this ſame one of mine,
Was worth a legion: but all is one.
Pedro, Iaques: goe in a doores *Iſabella* goe,
And this good fellow heere, and I,
Will range this hideous Orchard vp and downe,
Like to two Lyons reaued of their young.

Goe in a doores, I ſay. *Exeunt.*

The Painter and hee ſits downe.

Come, let's talke wiſely now.
Was thy ſonne murdered?
Pain. I ſir.
Hier. So was mine.
How doſt thou take it? art thou not ſometime mad?
Is there no trickes that come before thine eyes?
Pain. O Lord, yes ſir.
Hier. Art a Painter? Canſt paint me a Teare, or a wound?
A Groane, or a Sigh? Canſt paint me ſuch a Tree as this?
Pain. Sir, I am ſure you haue heard of my painting:
My name's *Bazardo.*
Hier. Bazardo? afore God an excellent fellow, look you ſir,
Doe you ſee? Ide haue you paint me my Gallery
In your oyle-colours matted: and draw me fiue
Yeares younger then I am: Doe you ſee ſir? let fiue
Yeares goe: let them goe like the Marſhall of *Spaine,*
My wife *Iſabella* ſtanding by me,
With a ſpeaking looke to my ſonne *Horatio:*
Which ſhould intend to this, or ſome ſuch like purpoſe:
God bleſſe thee my ſweet ſonne; and my hand leaning vpon his head thus ſir: doe you ſee? may it be done?
Pain. Very well ſir.
Hier. Nay, I pray marke me ſir:
Then ſir, would I haue you paint me this tree, this very tree:
Canſt paint a dolefull crie?
Pain. Seemingly ſir.
Hier. Nay, it ſhould crie: but all is one.
Well ſir, paint me a youth run thorow and thorow with villaines ſwords, hanging vpon this tree.
Canſt thou draw a Murderer?
Pain. Ile warrant you ſir;
I haue the patterne of the moſt notorious Villaines,
That euer liued in all *Spaine.*
Hier. O, let them be worſe, worſe: ſtretch thine Art,
And let their Beards be of *Iudas* his owne colour,
And let their eye-brows iutty ouer: in any caſe obſerue that;

Then

Then ſir, after ſome violent noyſe,
Bring me forth in my ſhirt, and my gowne vnder mine arme,
With my torch in my hand, and my ſword reared vp thus:
And with theſe words:

What noyſe is this, who calles Hieronimo?

May it be done?

Paint. Yea ſir.

Hier. Well ſir, then bring me forth, bring me through ally, and ally, ſtill with a diſtracted countenance going along, and let my haire heaue vp my Night-cap.

Let the Cloudes ſcowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres extinct, the windes blowing, the Belles tolling, the Owles ſhriking, the Toads croking, the Minutes ierring, and the Clocke ſtriking twelue.

And then at laſt ſir, ſtarting, behold a man hanging, and tottring, and tottring, as you know the winde will weaue a man, and I with a trice to cut him downe.

And looking vpon him by the aduantage of my torch, find it to be my ſonne *Horatio*.

There you may a paſsion, there you may ſhew a paſsion.
Draw me like old *Priam* of *Troy*,
Crying the houſe is a fire, the houſe is a fire,
As the Torch ouer thy head: Make me curſe,
Make me raue, make me crie, make me mad,
Make me well againe, make me curſe Hell,
Inuocate, and in the end leaue me
In a trance, and ſo foorth.

Paint. And is this the end?

Hier. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madneſſe;
As I am neuer better then when I am mad,
Then me thinkes I am a braue fellow,
Then I doe wonders, but reaſon abuſeth me,
And there's the torment; there's the Hell:
At the laſt, ſir, bring me to one of the Murderers,
Were he as ſtrong as *Hector*, thus would I
Teare and dragge him vp and downe.

He beats the Painter in, then comes out againe, with a Booke in his hand.

Vindicti mihi:
I, heauen will be reueng'd of euery ill,
Nor will they ſuffer Murder vnrepaid:
Then ſtay *Hieronimo*, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoynt a time.
Per ſcelus ſemper tutum eſt ſceleribus iter.
Strike, and ſtrike home, where wrong is offered thee;
For euils vnto ills conductors be,
And death's the worſt of Reſolution:
For he that thinkes with Patience to contend,
To quiet life, his life ſhall eaſily end.
Fataſi miſeros iuuant habes ſalutem,
Fataſi vitam negant, habes ſepulchrum.
If Deſtiny thy miſeries doe eaſe,
Then haſt thou health, and happy ſhalt thou be.
If Deſtiny deny thee life *Hieronimo*,
Yet thou ſhalt be aſſured of a Tombe:
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall.
And to conclude, I will reuenge his death:
But how? not as the vulgar witts of men,
With open, but ineuitable ils,
As by a ſecret, yet a certaine meane,
Which vnder kindſhip will be cloaked beſt:
Wiſe men will take their opportunitie,
Cloſely, and ſafely, fitting things to time.
But in extreames, vantage hath no time:
And therefore all times fit not for reuenge.
Thus therefore will I reſt me in vnreſt,
Diſſembling quiet in vnquietneſſe:
Not ſeeming that I know their villanies,
That my ſimplicitie may make them thinke,
That ignorantly I will let it ſlip:
For Ignorance I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners eſt.
Nor ought auayles it me to menace them.
Who, as a Wintry ſtorme vpon a Plaine,
Will beare me downe with their Nobilitie.

No, no, *Hieronimo*, thou muſt enioyne
Thine eyes to obſeruation, and thy tongue,
To milder ſpeaches, then thy Spirits affoord,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to reſt:
Thy Cap to Curteſie, and thy Knee to bow,
Till to reuenge thou know, when, where, and how.

A noyſe within.

How now, what noyſe? what coyle is that you keepe?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Heere are a ſort of poore Petitioners,
That are importunate, and it ſhall pleaſe you ſir,
That you ſhould plead their cauſes to the King.

Hier. That I ſhould plead their ſeuerall Actions?
Why let them enter, and let mee ſee them.

Enter three Citizens, and an old man.

1 So, I tell you this, for Learning and for Law,
There's not any Aduocate in *Spaine*,
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That he will, in purſuit of Equitie.

Hier. Come neere, you men that thus importune me;
(Now muſt I beare a face of grauitie)
For this I vſde before my Marſhalſhip,
To pleade in cauſes as *Corriegdor*,
Come on ſirs, what's the matter?

2 Sir, an Action.

Hier Of Battery?

1 Mine of Debt.

Hier. Giue place.

2 No ſir, mine is an action of the caſe.

3 Mine an *Ejectione Firma* by Leaſe.

Hier. Content you ſirs, are you determined
That I ſhould pleade your ſeuerall Actions?

1 I ſir, and heere's my Declaration.

2 And here is my Band.

3 And heere is my Leaſe. *They giue him papers.*

Hier. But wherefore ſtand you ſilly man, ſo mute?
With mournefull eyes, and hands to Heauen vpreard?
Come hither Father, let me know thy Cauſe?

Senex.

Senex. O worthy ſir, my cauſe but ſlightly knowne,
May moue the hearts of warlike Myrmedons,
And melt the corſicke Rockes with ruefull teares.
Hier. Say father, tell me, what's thy ſuite?
Senex. No ſir, could my woes,
Giue way vnto my moſt diſtreſſefull words,
Then ſhould I not in Paper (as you ſee)
With Inke bewray, what Blood began in me.
Hier. What's here? *The humble Supplication of* Don Bazulto, *for his murdered Sonne.*
Senex. I ſir.
Hier. No ſir, it was my murdered ſonne, O my ſonne,
Oh my ſonne, oh my ſonne *Horatio.*
But mine, or thine *Bazulto*, be content.
Here take my Handkercher, and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I, In thy miſhaps may ſee
The liuely pourtrait of my dying ſelfe.
He drawes out a bloody Napkin.
O no, not this *Horatio*, this was thine;
And when I dide it in thy deareſt blood,
This was a token twixt thy ſoule and me,
That of thy death reuenged I ſhould be.
But heere, take this, and this, what my Purſe?
I this, and that, and all of them are thine:
For all as one are our extremities.
1 Oh, ſee the kindneſſe of *Hieronimo*;
This gentleneſſe ſhewes him a Gentleman.
Hier. See, ſee, Oh ſee thy ſhame *Hieronimo*,
See heere a louing Father to his Sonne:
Behold the ſorrowes and the ſad laments,
That he deliuered for his ſonnes deceaſe.
If Loues effects ſo ſtrines in leſſer things,
If Loue enforce ſuch moods in meaner wits,
If Loue enforce ſuch power in poore eſtates:
Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,
Toſt with the winde and tyde, orerturned then
The vpper billowes, courſe of waues to keepe,
Whilſt leſſer waters labour in the deepe:

Then

Then ſhameſt thou not *Hieronimo*, to neglect
The ſwift reuenge of thy *Horatio*?
Though on this Earth Iuſtice will not be found,
Ile downe to Hell, and in this paſſion,
Knocke at the diſmall gates of *Plutoes* Court,
Getting by force (as once *Alcides* did)
A troupe of Furies, and tormenting Hagges,
To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the reſt.
Yet leaſt the triple-headed Porter ſhould
Deny my paſſage to the ſlimy Strond,
The *Thracian* Poet thou ſhalt counterfeit:
Come old Father, be my *Orpheus*;
And if thou canſt no notes vpon the Harpe,
Then ſound the burden of thy ſore hearts griefe,
Till we doe gaine, that *Proſerpine* may graunt
Reuenge on them that murdered my ſonne.
Then will I rent and teare them thus, and thus,
Shiuering their limbes in pieces with my teeth.

Teares the Papers.

1 O ſir, my Declaration.

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Saue my Bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

2 Saue my Bond.

3 Alas, my Leaſe, it coſt me ten pound,
And you (my Lord) haue torne the ſame.

Hier. That cannot be, I gaue them neuer a wound;
Shew me one drop of blood fall from the ſame:
How is it poſſible I ſhould ſlay it then?
Tuſh no, run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the old man.

Bazulto *remaines till* Hieronimo *enters againe, who ſtaring him in the face, ſpeaketh.*

Hier. And art thou come *Horatio*, from the depth,
To aske for Iuſtice in this vpper Earth,
To tell thy Father thou art vnreueng'd,
To wring more teares from *Iſabellas* eyes:
Whoſe lights are dim'd with ouer-long laments?

Goe backe my Sonne, complaine to *Eacus*,
For heere's no Iuſtice : gentle Boy begone :
For Iuſtice is exiled from the Earth,
Hieronimo will beare thee company.
Thy Mother cryes on righteous *Radamant*,
For iuſt Reuenge againſt the Murderers.

Senex. Alas (my L.) whence ſprings this troubled ſpeach?

Hier. But let me looke on my *Horatio*.
Sweet Boy, how thou art chang'd in Deaths blacke ſhade;
Had *Proſerpine* no pitie on thy youth,
But ſuffered thy faire crimſon coloured Spring,
With withered Winter to be blaſted thus?
Horatio, thou art elder then thy Father :
Ah, ruthleſſe Father, that fauour thus transformes.

Baz. Ah my good Lord, I am not your young ſonne.

Hier. What, not my ſonne, thou then a Fury art,
Sent from the emptie Kingdome of blacke Night,
To ſummon mee to make appearance
Before grim *Minos*, and iuſt *Radamant*,
To plague *Hieronimo* that is remiſſe,
And ſeekes not vengeance for *Horatios* death.

Baz. I am a grieued man, and not a Ghoſt,
That came for Iuſtice for my murdered Sonne.

Hier. I, now I know thee now thou nam'ſt thy ſonne :
Thou art the liuely image of my griefe,
Within thy face, my ſorrowes I may ſee :
Thy Eyes are dim'd with teares, thy Cheekes are wan,
Thy Forehead troubled, and thy muttring Lips
Murmure ſad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windy ſighes thy Spirit breathes,
And all this ſorrow riſeth for thy ſonne :
And ſelfe ſame ſorrow feele I for my ſonne.
Come in old man, thou ſhalt to *Iſabel* :
Leane on my arme : I thee, thou me ſhalt ſtay,
And thou, and I, and ſhee, will ſing a Song :
Three parts in one : but all of diſcords fram'd.
Talke not of Cords, but let vs now begone,
For with a Cord *Horatio* was ſlaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter King of Spaine, the Duke, Viceroy, and Lorenzo, Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Belimperia.

King. Goe Brother, tis the Duke of *Castiles* cause,
Salute the *Viceroy* in our name.

Cast. I goe.

Vice. Goe foorth *Don Pedro*, for thy Nephewes sake,
And greete the Duke of *Castile*.

Ped. It shall be done sir.

King. And now to meet the *Portingales*,
For as wee now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and Commaunders of the Westerne *Indies*.
Welcome (braue *Viceroy*) to the Court of *Spaine*,
And welcome all his honourable traine.
Tis not vnknowne to vs, for why you come,
Or haue so Kingly crost the raging Seas:
Sufficed it in this, we note the troth,
And more then common loue you lend to vs.
So is it that mine Honourable Neece;
For it beseemes vs now that it be knowne,
Already is betroath'd to *Balthazar*:
And by appoyntment, and our condiscent,
To morrow are they to be married.
To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,
Thy followers their pleasures, and our peace.
Speake men of *Portingale*, shall it be so?
If I, say so: if not, say flatly no.

Vice. Renowned King, I come not as thou think'st,
With doubtfull Followers, vnresolued men,
But such as haue vpon thine Articles,
Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me.
Know Soueraigne, I come to solemnize
The Marriage of thy welbeloued Neece,
Faire *Belimperia*, with my *Balthazar*,
With thee my Sonne, whom sith I liue to see:
Heere take my Crowne, I giue it her and thee:
And let me liue a solitary life,
In ceaseless Prayers,
To thinke how strangely Heauen hath thee preserv'd.

King. See Brother see, how Nature striues in him:
Come worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend, with thine extremities:
A place more priuate fits this princely mood.
Vice. Or here, or where your Highnesse thinke it good.
Exeunt all but Cast. and Lor.
Cast. Nay stay *Lorenzo*, let me talke with you:
Seest thou this entertainment of these Kings?
Lor. I doe (my Lord) and ioy to see the same.
Cast. And knowest thou why this meeting is?
Lor. For her (my Lord) whom *Balthazar* doth loue,
And to confirme the promised Mariage.
Cast. Shee is thy Sister.
Lor. Who, *Belimperia?* I my gracious Lord:
And this is the day that I haue long'd so happily to see.
Cast. Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happinesse.
Lor. Heauens will not let *Lorenzo* erre so much.
Cast. Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou *Lorenzo*, wrongst *Hieronimo*,
And in his suits towards his Maiestie,
Still keepes him backe, and seeks to crosse his suit.
Lor. That I, my Lord?
Cast. I tell thee sonne, my selfe haue heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I haue been ashamed
To answere for thee, though thou wert my sonne.
Lorenzo, knowst thou not the common loue,
And kindnesse that *Hieronimo* hath wonne
By his deserts, within the Court of *Spaine?*
Or seest thou not the King my Brothers care,
In his behalfe, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaime against thee to the King,
What honour wert in this assembly,
Or what a scandall wert among the Kings,
To heere *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee?
Tell me, and looke thou tell me truely,

Whence

Whence growes the ground of this report in Court?

Lor. My Lord, it lyes not in *Lorenzo's* power
To ſtop the vulgar liberall of their tongues:
A ſmall aduantage makes a water-breach;
And no man liues, that long contenteth all.

Caſt. My ſelfe hane ſeene thee buſie to keepe backe
Him and his ſupplications from the King.

Lor. Your ſelfe, my Lord, haue ſeene his paſsions,
That ill beſeem'd the preſence of a King:
And for I pitied him in his diſtreſſe,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,
As to my ſoule, my Lord.

Caſt. *Hieronimo* (my ſonne) miſtakes thee then?

Lor. (My gracious Father, beleene me) ſo he doth.
But what's a ſilly man diſtract in mind,
To thinke vpon the murder of his Sonne?
Alas, how eaſie is it for him to erre?
But for his ſatisfaction, and the worlds,
Twere good (my Lord) *Hieronimo* and I,
Were reconcil'd, if he miſconſter me.

Caſt. *Lorenzo*, thou haſt ſaid, it ſhall be ſo,
Goe one of you, and call *Hieronimo*.

Enter Baltazar and Belimperia.

Bal. Come *Belimperia*, *Balthazars* content,
My ſorrowes eaſe, and ſoueraigne of my bliſſe,
Sith heauen hath thee ordained to be mine,
Diſperſe thoſe clouds, and melancholly lookes,
And cheere them vp with thoſe thy ſun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heauens faire beauty lyes.

Bel. My lookes (my Lord) are fitting for my loue;
Which new begun, can ſhew no brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames ſhould burne as morning Sunne.

Bel. But not too faſt, leſt heat and all be done.
I ſee my Lord my Father.

Bal. Truce my Loue, I will goe ſalute him.

Caſt. Welcome *Balthazar*, welcome braue Prince,
The Pledge of *Caſtiles* peace:

And welcome *Belimperia:* How now girle?
Why commeſt thou ſadly to ſalute vs thus?
Content thy ſelfe, for I am ſatisfied,
It is not now as when *Andrea* liu'd,
We haue forgotten, and forgiuen that,
And thou art graced with a happier Loue,
But *Balthazar*, heere comes *Hieronimo*,
Ile haue a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo, and a Seruant.

Hier. And where's the Duke?

Ser. Yonder.

Hier. Euen ſo: what new deuice haue they deuiſed tro?
Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe;
Iſt, I will be reuenged? No, I am not the man.

Caſt. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Hier. My Lords, I thanke you for *Horatio*.

Caſt. *Hieronimo*, the reaſon that I ſent
To ſpeake with you, is this.

Hier. What, ſo ſhort?
Then Ile be gone, I thanke you for't.

Caſt. Nay, ſtay *Hieronimo*: goe call him Sonne.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, my Father craues a word with you.

Hier. With me ſir? why my L. I thought you had done.

Lor. No, would he had.

Caſt. *Hiero.* I heare you find your ſelfe agrieued at my Son,
Becauſe you haue not acceſſe vnto the King;
And ſayth tis he that intercepts your Suits.

Hier. Why, is not this a miſerable thing my Lord?

Caſt. *Hieronimo*, I hope you haue no cauſe,
And would be loth that one of your deſerts
Should once haue reaſon to ſuſpect my Sonne,
Conſidering how I thinke of you my ſelfe.

Hier. Your Sonne *Lorenzo*, whom my noble Lord,
The hope of *Spaine*, mine honourable friend?
Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his Sword.

Ile

Ile meet him face to face to tell mee ſo.
Theſe be the ſcandalous reports of ſuch,
As loues not mee, and hate my Lord too much.
Should I ſuſpect *Lorenzo* would preuent,
Or croſſe my ſuite, that loued my Sonne ſo well?
My Lord, I am aſham'd it ſhould be ſaid.
Lor. *Hieronimo*, I neuer gaue you cauſe,
Hier. My good Lord, I know you did not.
Caſt. There pauſe, and for the ſatisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo, frequent my homely houſe,
The Duke of Caſtile, *Ciprians* ancient Seat;
And when thou wilt, vſe me, my ſonne, and it:
But heere before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.
Hier. I mary my Lord, and ſhall.
Friendes (quoth he) ſee, Ile be friends with you all:
Specially with you my louely Lord;
For diuers cauſes it is fit for vs,
That we be friends, the world is ſuſpitious,
And men may thinke what we imagine not.
Bal. Why this is friendly done *Hieronimo*.
Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot?
Hier. What elſe, it were a ſhame it ſhould not be ſo.
Caſt. Come on *Hieronimo*, at my requeſt,
Let vs intreat your company to day. *Exeunt.*
Hier. Your Lordſhips to commaund.
Keepe your way.

Mi, chi misfa? Pui Correzza Che non ſult
Tradito miba otrade vel. *Exit.*

Enter Ghoſt, and Reuenge.

Ghoſt.

Awake *Ericthia*, *Cerberus* awake,
Solicite *Pluto*, gentle *Proſerpine*,
To combate *Achinon*, and *Erichus* in Hell,
For neere by *Stix*, and *Phlegeton*:
Nor ferried *Charon* to the fiery Lakes,
Such fearefull ſights, as poore *Andrea* ſees.
Reuenge awake.

Ghoſt.

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, for thou art ill aduisde
To sleepe, away: What, art warn'd to watch?
Reuen. Content thy selfe, and doe not trouble me.
Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*; If Loue, as Loue hath had,
Haue yet the power or preuaylance in Hell:
Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is ioyn'd in league,
And interceps our passage to reuenge:
Awake *Reuenge*, or we are woe begone.
Re. Thus worldlings ground what they haue dreamd vpon;
Content thy selfe *Andrea*, though I sleepe,
Yet in my mood soliciting their soules:
Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*
Cannot forget his sonne *Horatio*.
Nor dyes *Reuenge*, although he sleepe awhile:
For in vnquiet, quietnesse is found,
And slumbring is a common worldly wile.
Behold *Andrea* for an instance, how
Reuenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
What tis to be subiect to Destiny.

Enter a dumbe Show.

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, reueale this mystery.
Reu. The two first, the nuptiall Torches bore,
As bright burning as the mid-dayes Sunne:
But after them doth *Hymen* hye as fast,
Clothed in Sable, and a Saffron Robe,
And blowes them out, and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.
Ghost. Sufficeth me thy meaning's vnderstood,
And thankes vnto thee, and those Infernall powers,
That will not tollerate a Louers woe:
Rest thee, for I will sit and see the rest.
Reu. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Belimperia, and Hieronimo.

Bel. IS this the loue thou bearst *Horatio*?
Is this the kindnesse that thou counterfeits?

Are

Are these the fruits of thine incessant teares?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations, and thy deepe laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withall?
Oh vnkind Father! Oh deceitfull world!
With what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe?
With what dishonour, and the hate of men,
From this dishonour, and the hate of men,
Thus to neglect the life, and losse of him,
Whom both my letters, and thine owne beliefe,
Assures thee to be causelesse slaughtered?
Hieronimo, for shame *Hieronimo*,
Bee not a Historie to after times,
Of such Ingratitude vnto thy Sonne:
Vnhappy Mother of such Children then:
But monstrous Father, to forget so soone
The death of those, whom they with care and cost,
Haue tendred so, thus careless should be lost.
My selfe a stranger, in respect of thee,
So loued his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be vnreueng'd by me,
Although I beare it out for fashion sake:
For heere I sweare, in sight of Heauen and Earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldst retain,
And giue it ouer, and deuise no more,
My selfe should send their hatefull soules to hell,
That wrought his downfall, with extreamest death.

Hier. But may it be, that *Belimperia*,
Vowes such reuenge as shee hath dain'd to say?
Why then I see that Heauen applies our drift,
And all the Saints doe sit soliciting,
For vengeance on those curs'ed Murderers.
Madame tis true, and now I find it so:
I found a Letter written in your name,
And in that Letter, how *Horatio* dyed.
Pardon, O pardon, *Belimperia*;
My feare and care in not beleeuing it:
Nor thinke, I thoughtlesse thinke vpon a meane,

To let his death be vnreueng'd at full:
And here I vow, so you but giue consent,
And will conceale my resolution,
I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That causelesse thus haue murdered my sonne.

Bel. *Hieronimo*, I will consent, conceale,
And ought that may effect for thine auayle,
Ioyne with thee to reuenge *Horatios* death.

Hier. O then, whatsoeuer I deuise,
Let me intreat you, grace my practises:
For why, the plot's already in my head.
Heere they are.

Enter Balthazar, and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now *Hieronimo*, what courting *Belimperia*?

Hier. I my Lord, such courting, as I promise you,
Shee hath my heart; but you my Lord, haue hers.

Lor. But now *Hier.* or neuer, we are to intreat your help.

Hie. My help? why my good Lords, assure your selues of me
For you haue giuen me cause, I by my honour haue you.

Bal. It pleas'd you at th'entertainment of the Embassador,
To grace the King so much as with a Show:
Now were your Study so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first nights sport,
To entertaine my Father with the like:
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure your selfe it would content them well?

Hier. Is this all?

Lor. I, this is all.

Hier. Why then Ile fit you, say no more:
When I was young, I gaue my mind,
And plide my selfe to fruitlesse Poetry:
Which though it profit the Professor nought,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

Lor. And how for that?

Hier. Mary (my good Lord) thus:
And yet me thinkes, you are too quicke with vs.
When in *Tolledo*, there I studied,
It was my chaunce to write a Tragedie,

See heere my Lords, *Shewes them a booke.*
Which long forgot, I found this other day:
Now would your Lordships fanour me so much,
As but to grace me with your acting it;
I meane each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will prooue most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

Bal. What, would you haue vs play a Tragedie?

Hier. Why? *Nero* thought it no disparagement,
And Kings and Emperours haue tane delight,
To make experience of their wits in Playes.

Lor. Nay, be not angry, good *Hieronimo*,
The Prince but asked you a question,

Bal. In faith *Hieronimo*, and you be in earnest,
Ile make one.

Lor. And I another.

Hier. Now (my good Lord) could you entreat
Your sister *Bel-imperia* to make one:
For what's a Play without a Woman in't?

Bal. Little intreatie shall serue me *Hieronimo*;
For I must needs be imployed in your Play.

Hier. Why this is well: I tell you Lordings,
It was determined to haue been acted
By Gentlemen and Schollers too;
Such as could tell what to speake.

Bal. And now it shall be said, by Princes and Courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speake;
If (as it is our Countrey manner)
You will but let vs know the Argument.

Hier. That shall I roundly. The Chronicles of *Spaine*
Record this written of a Knight of *Rhodes*:
Hee was betroth'd, and wedded at the length,
To one *Perseda*, an *Italian* Dame,
Whose beautie rauished all that her beheld;
Especially the soule of *Solyman*:
Who at the Marriage was the chiefest Ghest:
By sundry meanes sought *Solyman* to winne
Perseda's loue, and could not gaine the same.

Then gan he breake his passions to a friend,
One of his Bashawes, whom he held full deare;
Her had this Bashaw long solicited,
And saw shee was not otherwise to be wonne,
But by her husbands death: this Knight of *Rhodes*,
Whom presently by Treachery hee slew.
Shee stird with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this, slew *Solyman*:
And to escape the Bashawes tyrannie,
Did stab her selfe: and this is the Tragedy.

Lor. O excellent.

Bel. But say, *Hieronimo*, What then became of him
That was the Bashaw?

Hier. Mary thus, mooued with remorse of his misdeeds;
Ran to a mountaine top, and hang'd himselfe.

Bal. But which of vs is to performe that part?

Hier. O, that will I my Lords, make no doubt of it.
Ile play the Murderer I warrant you,
For I alreadie haue conceited that.

Bal. And what shall I?

Hier. Great *Solyman* the Turkish Emperour.

Lor. And I?

Hier. *Erasto*, the Knight of *Rhodes*.

Bel. And I?

Hier. *Perseda*, chast, and resolute.
And heere my Lords, are seuerall abstracts drawne,
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it as occasion's offered you.
You must prouide a Turkish Cappe,
A blacke Mustachio, and a Fauchion. *Giues a paper to Bal.*
You, with a Crosse, like a Knight of *Rhodes*.
Giues another to Lor.
And Madame, you must attire your selfe,
Giues Bel. another.
Like *Phebe*, *Flora*, or the Huntresse,
Which to your discretion shall seeme best.
And as for me my Lords, Ile looke to one,
And with the Ransome that the *Viceroy* sent,

So

So furnish and performe this Tragedie,
That all the world shall say, *Hieronimo*
Was liberall in gracing of it so.
Bal. *Hieronimo*, me thinkes a Comedie were better.
Hier. A Comedie, fie. Comedies are fit for common wits:
But to present a Kingly Troupe withall,
Giue mee a stately written Tragedie;
Tregœdia cother nato, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.
My Lords, all this must bee performed,
As fitting for the first nights Reuelling.
The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,
That in one howers Meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.
Lor. And well it may, for I haue seene the like
In *Paris*, mongst the French Tragedians.
Hier. In *Paris*; Masse, and well remembred.
There's one thing more that rests for vs to doe.
Bal. What's that *Hieronimo*? forget not any thing.
Hier. Each one of vs must act his part
In vnknowne Languages,
That it may breed more varietie:
As you my Lord, in Latine; I, in Greeke;
You, in Italian: and for because I know
That *Belimperia* hath practised the French,
In Courtly French shall all her Phrases be.
Bel. You meane to try my cunning then *Hieronimo*.
Bal. But this will be a meere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be vnderstood.
Hier. It must be so: for the conclusion
Shall prooue the Inuention, and all was good:
And I my selfe in an Oration,
And with a strange and wondrous show besides,
That I will haue there behinde a Curtaine,
Assure thy selfe shall make the matter knowne:
And all shall bee concluded in one Sceane,
For there's no pleasure tane in tediousnesse,
Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why thus my Lord, we must resolue
To sooth his humours vp.

Bal. On then *Hieronimo*; farewell till soone.

Hier. Youle plie this geare?

Lor. I warrant you. *Exeunt all but Hier.*

Hier. I, why so: Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heauens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this Tragedie,
Hard is the hap of old *Hieronimo*. *Exit.*

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Isa. Tell me no more, O monstrous homicides,
Since neither pietie, nor pittie mooues
The King to Iustice or Compassion:
I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,
Where they murdered my beloued Sonne.

Shee cuts downe the Arbour.

Downe with these branches, and these loathsome boughes,
Of this vnfortunate, and fatall Pine.
Downe with them *Isabella*, rend them vp,
And burne the roots from whence the rest is sprung.
I will not leaue a root, a stalke, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearbe within this Garden-plot.
Accursed complot of my misery:
Fruitlesse for euer may this Garden bee,
Barren the Earth, and blesselesse whosoeuer
Imagines not to keepe it vnmanured.
An Easterne winde commixt with noysome ayres,
Shall blast the Plants, and the young Saplings.
The Earth with Serpents shall be pestered,
And Passengers for feare to bee infect,
Shall stand aloofe, and looking at it, tell:
There murdered, dyed the sonne of *Isabell*,
I, heere he dyed, and heere I him embrace.
See where his Ghost solicited with his wounds,
Reuenge on her that should reuenge his death.
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy Sonne:
For Sorrow and Dispaire hath cited me,

To

To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant*:
Make haste *Hieronimo*, to hold exclude
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths,
Whose hatefull wrath bereau'd him of his breath.
Ah ha, thou doest delay their deaths,
Forgiues the Murderers of thy noble Sonne,
And none but I, bestirre me to no end:
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my wombe be cursed for his sake:
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The hapless breast that gaue *Horatio* sucke.

Shee stabs her selfe.

Enter Hieronimo, *he knockes vp the Curtaine.*

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cast. How now *Hieronimo*, where's thy fellowes,
That you take all this paine?

Hier. O sir, it is for the Authors credit,
To looke that all things may goe well:
But good my Lord, let me intreat your Grace,
To giue the King the Copie of the Play:
This is the Argument of what we show.

Cast. I will *Hieronimo*.

Hier. One thing more, my good Lord.

Cast. What's that?

Hier. Let me intreat your Grace,
That when the traine is past into the Gallery, you
Would vouchsafe to throw me downe the key.

Cast. I will *Hieronimo*. *Exit Cast.*

Hier. What, are you ready *Balthazar*?
Bring a Chaire, and a Cushion for the King.

Enter Balthazar with a Chaire.

Well done *Balthazar*, hang vp the Title:
Our Sceane is *Rhodes*: what is your Beard on?

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

Hier. Dispatch for shame, are you so long? *Exit Bal.*
Bethinke thy selfe, *Hieronimo*,
Recall thy witts, recount thy former wrongs,
Thou hast receiu'd by murder of thy Sonne.

And lastly, not least, how *Isabell*,
Once his Mother, and my deareſt Wife,
All woe-begone for him hath ſlaine herſelfe.
Behooues thee then *Hieronimo*, to be reueng'd:
The plot is layd of dire reuenge;
On them *Hieronimo*, purſue reuenge:
For nothing wants, but acting of Reuenge. *Exit.*

Enter Spaniſh King, Viceroy, Duke of Caſtile, and their Traine.

King. Now *Viceroy*, ſhall wee ſee the Tragedie
Of *Solyman* the Turkiſh Emperour,
Perform'd of pleaſure, by our Sonne the Prince,
My Nephew, *Don Lorenzo*, and my Neece.

Vice. Who, *Belimperia?*

King. I, and *Hieronimo* our Marſhall,
At whoſe requeſt they deine to doo't themſelues.
Theſe be our paſtimes in the Court of *Spaine*.
Heere Brother, you ſhall be the Booke-keeper,
This is the Argument of that they ſhow. *Gives him a Booke.*

Gentlemen, this Play of Hieronimo *in ſundry Languages, was thought good to bee ſet downe in Engliſh, more largely, for the eaſier vnderſtanding to euery publique Reader.*

Enter Balthazar, Belimperia, and Hieronimo.

Balt. BAſhaw, that *Rhodes* is ours, yeeld heauens the honor,
And holy *Mahomet* our ſacred Prophet:
And bee thou grac'd with euery excellence,
That *Solyman* can giue, or thou deſire.
But thy deſert in conquering *Rhodes* is leſſe,
Then in reſeruing this faire Chriſtian Nymph
Perſeda, bliſſefull Lampe of Excellence,
Whoſe eyes compell like powerfull Adamant,
The warlike heart of *Solyman* to wayt.

King. See *Viceroy*, that is *Balthazar* your Sonne,
That repreſents the Emperour *Solyman*:
How well he actes his amorous paſſion.

Vice.

Vice. I, *Belimperia* hath taught him that.
Caſt. That's becauſe his minde runs all on *Belimperia.*
Hier. What euer ioy earth yeelds, betide your Maieſty.
Bal. Earth yeelds no ioy without *Perſedas* loue.
Hier. Then let *Perſeda* on your Grace attend.
Bal. Shee ſhall not wait on me, but I on her,
Drawne by the influence of her Lights, I yeeld:
But let my Friend the *Rhodian* Knight come forth,
Eraſto dearer then my life to me,
That he may ſee *Perſeda* my beloued.

Enter Eraſto.

King. Heere comes *Lorenzo:* looke vpon the Plot,
And tell me Brother, what part playes hee?
Bel. Ah my *Eraſto*, welcome to *Perſeda.*
Era Thrice happy is *Eraſto*, that thou liueſt,
Rhodes loſſe is nothing to *Eraſtos* ioy,
Sith his *Perſeda* liues, his life ſuruiues.
Bal. Ah Baſhaw, heere is loue betwixt *Eraſto*
And faire *Perſeda*, ſoueraigne of my ſoule.
Hier. Remoue *Eraſto*, mightie *Solyman*,
And then *Perſeda* will be quickly wonne.
Bal. *Eraſto* is my friend, and while he liues,
Perſeda neuer will remoue her loue.
Hier. Let not *Eraſto* liue to griene great *Solyman.*
Bal. Deare is *Eraſto* in our princely eye.
Hier. But if he be your Riuall, let him die.
Bal. Why let him die, ſo Loue commandeth me;
Yet grieue I that *Eraſto* ſhould ſo die.
Hier. *Eraſto*, *Solyman* ſaluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his Highneſſe will,
Which is, that thou ſhouldſt be thus employde. *Stab him.*
Bel. Aye me *Eraſto*; ſee *Solyman*, *Eraſto's* ſlaine.
Bal. Yet liueth *Solyman* to comfort thee.
Faire Queene of Beautie, let not fauour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his griefe,
That with *Perſedas* beautie is increaſt,
If by *Perſedas* griefe be not releaſt.
Bel. Tyrant, deſiſt ſoliciting vaine ſuites,

Relentleſſe are mine eares to thy laments,
As thy Butcher is pittileſſe and baſe,
Which ſeiz'd on my *Eraſto* harmeleſſe Knight;
Yet by thy power thou thinkeſt to commaund,
And to thy power, *Perſeda* doth obey:
But were ſhee able, thus ſhe would reuenge
Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince: *Let her ſtab him.*
And on her ſelfe ſhe would be thus reueng'd. *Stab her ſelfe:*

King. Well ſaid old Marſhall, this was brauely done.

Hier. But *Belimperia* playes *Perſeda* well.

Vice. Were this in earneſt *Belimperia*
You would be better to my Sonne then ſo?

King. But now, what followes *Hieronimo?*

Hier. Mary, this followes for *Hieronimo*:
Here breake we off our ſundry Languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.
Happily you thinke (but bootleſſe be your thoughts)
That this is fabulouſly counterfeit;
And that we doe as all Tragedians doe,
To die to day, (for faſhioning our Sceane,
The death of *Aiax*, or ſome *Romane* Peere)
And in a minute ſtarting vp againe,
Reuiue to pleaſe to morrowes audience:
No, Princes know, I am *Hieronimo*,
The hopeleſſe Father of a hapleſſe Sonne;
Whoſe tongue is tun'd to tell his lateſt tale,
Not to excuſe groſſe errours in the Play.
I ſee your lookes vrge inſtance of thoſe words:
Behold the reaſon vrging me to this.

He ſhewes his dead Sonne.

See heere my ſhew, looke on this ſpectacle:
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end:
Here lay my heart, and heere my heart was ſlaine:
Heere lay my treaſure, heere my treaſure loſt:
Heere lay my bliſſe, and heere my bliſſe bereft:
But hope, heart, treaſure, ioy, and bliſſe,
All fled, faild, dyed; yea, all decayd with this:
From foorth theſe wounds, came breath that gaue me life.

They

They murdered me that made theſe fatall markes:
The cauſe was loue, whence grew this mortall hate:
The hate, *Lorenzo*, and young *Balthazar*,
The loue, my Sonne to *Belimperia*:
But night, the couerer of accurſed crimes,
With Pitchy ſilence huſht the trayterous harmes,
And lent them leaue, for they had ſorted leaſure,
To take aduantage in my Garden plot,
Vpon my ſonne, my deare *Horatio*:
There mercileſſe they butchered vp my Boy,
In blacke darke night, to pale dim cruell Death:
He ſhrikes, I heard: and yet me thinks I heare
His diſmall outcry eccho in the ayre:
With ſooneſt ſpeed I haſted to the noyſe,
Where hanging on a tree I found my ſonne,
Through girt with wounds, and ſlaughtered as you ſee:
And grieued (I thinke you) at this ſpectacle?
Speake *Portingales*, whoſe loſſe reſemble mine,
If thou canſt weepe vpon thy *Balthazar*,
Tis like I wayld for my *Horatio*.
And you my Lord, whoſe reconciled ſonne,
Marcht in a Net, and thought himſelfe vnſeene,
And rated me for braine-ſicke Lunacie:
Which God amend that mad *Hieronimo*.
How can you brooke our Playes cataſtrophe?
And here behold this bloody Handkercher,
Which at *Horatios* death, I (weeping) dipt
Within the Riuer of his bleeding wounds,
Is as propitious: ſee, I haue preſerued,
And neuer hath it left my bleeding heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow:
With theſe, O theſe accurſed murderers;
Which now perfor'md, my heart is ſatisfied:
And to this end, the *Baſhaw* I became,
That might reuenge me on *Lorenzos* life,
Who therefore was appoynted to the part,
And was to repreſent the Knight of *Rhodes*,
That I might kill him more conueniently.

So *Viceroy*, was this *Balthazar* thy ſonne,
That *Solyman*, which *Belimperia*
In perſon of *Perſeda* murdered,
Solely appointed to that Tragicke part,
That ſhee might ſlay him that offended her.
Poore *Belimperia* miſt her part in this:
For though the Story ſaith, ſhe ſhould haue dyed,
Yet I of kindneſſe, and of care to her,
Did otherwiſe determine of her end.
But loue of him (whom they did hate ſo much)
Did vrge her Reſolution to be ſuch.
And Princes, now behold *Hieronimo*,
Authour and Actor in this Tragedy,
Bearing his lateſt fortune in his fiſt;
And will as reſolute conclude his part,
As any of the Actors gone before.
And Gentiles, thus I end my Play:
Vrge no more words, I haue no more to ſay.

He runneth to hang himſelfe.

King. O hearken *Viceroy*, hold *Hieronimo*.
Brother, my Nephew, and thy Sonne are ſlaine.
Vice. We are betrayd, my *Balthazar* is ſlaine:
Breake ope the doores: run, ſaue *Hieronimo*.

They breake in, and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, doe but informe the King of theſe euents,
Vpon mine Honour, thou ſhalt haue no harme.
Hier. *Viceroy*, I will not truſt thee with my life,
Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne: (die?
Accurſed wretch, why ſtaiſt thou him that was reſolu'd to
King. Speake traytor, damned bloody Murderer ſpeake;
For now I haue thee, I will make thee ſpeake:
Why haſt thou done this vndeſeruing deed?
Vice. Why haſt thou murdered my *Balthazar*?
Caſt. Why haſt thou butchered both my children thus?
Hier. But are you ſure that they are dead?
Caſt. I, ſlaine too ſure.
Hier. What, and yours too?
Vice. I, all are dead, not one of them ſuruiue.

Hier.

Hier. Nay then I care not: come, and we ſhall be friends,
Let vs lay our heads together:
See, heere's a goodly nooze will hold them all.
Vice. O damned Deuill, how ſecure he is!
Hier. Secure? why doſt thou wonder at it?
I tell thee (*Viceroy*) this day I haue ſeene reueng'd,
And in that ſight am growne a prouder Monarch,
Then euer ſate vnder the Crowne of *Spaine*:
Had I as many liues as there be Starres,
As many Heauens to goe to, as thoſe liues,
Ide giue them all, I and my ſoule to boot,
But I would ſee thee ride in this red poole.
Cast. Speake, who were thy confederats in this?
Vice. That was thy daughter *Bellimperia*:
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was ſlaine;
I ſaw her ſtab him.
Hier. O good words: as deare to me was my *Horatio*.
As yours, or yours, or yours my Lord to you.
My guiltleſſe Sonne was by *Lorenzo* ſlaine,
And by *Lorenzo*, and that *Balthazar*,
Am I at laſt reuenged throughly;
Vpon whoſe ſoules may Heauens be yet reuenged,
With greater farre, then theſe afflictions.
Me thinkes, ſince I grew inward with Reuenge,
I cannot looke with ſcorne enough on Death.
King. What, doſt mock vs ſlaue? bring tortures forth.
Hier. Doe, doe, doe: and meane time Ile torture you:
You had a ſonne (as I take it,) and your ſonne
Should haue bene married to your daughter: ha, waſt not ſo?
You had a ſonne too, he was my Lieges Nephew:
He was proud and politike: had he liued,
He might a come to weare the Crowne of *Spaine*:
I thinke twas ſo; twas I that killed him;
Looke you, this ſame hand was it that ſtab'd
His heart: doe you ſee this hand?
For one *Horatio*, if you euer knew him,
A youth, one that they hanged vp in his fathers garden:
One that did force your valiant ſonne to yeeld,

While your valiant Sonne did take him prisoner.

Vice. Be deafe my Senses, I can heare no more.

King. Fall Heauen, and couer vs with thy sad ruines.

Cast. Rowle all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

Hier. Now doe I applaud what I haue acted.

Nunc mens cade manus.

Now to expresse the rupture of my part,
First take my Tongue, and afterward my Heart.

Hee bites out his Tongue.

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch:
See *Viceroy*, he hath bitten foorth his Tongue,
Rather then to reueale what we required.

Cast. Yet can he write.

King. And if in this he satisfie vs not,
Wee will deuise the streamest kind of death,
That euer was inuented for a wretch.

He makes signes for a knife to mend his Pen.

Cast. O, he would haue a knife to mend his Pen.

Vice. Heere, and aduise thee that thou write the truth.
Looke to my Brother, saue *Hieronimo.*

He with the Knife stabs the Duke, and himselfe.

King. What age hath euer heard such monstrous deeds?
My Brother, and the whole succeeding hope
Of *Spaine*, expected after my decease.
Goe beare his body hence, that we may mourne,
The losse of our beloued Brothers death,
That hee may be entomb'd what ere befall:
I am the next, the neerest last of all.

Vice. And thou *Don Pedro*, doe the like for vs:
Take vp our hapless Sonne vntimely slaine;
Set me with him, and he with woefull me,
Vpon the Maine-mast of a Ship vnmand,
And let the winde and tyde hale me along,
To *Sillas* barking and vntamed gulfe;
Or to the loathsome Poole of *Acheron*,
To weepe my want of my sweet *Balthazar*,
Spaine hath no refuge for a *Portingale.* *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets ſound a dead March, the King of Spaine mourning after his Brothers body: and the King of Portingale bearing the body of his Sonne.

Enter Ghoſt, and Reuenge.

Ghoſt. I, now my hopes haue end in their effects,
When Blood and Sorrow finiſh my Deſires:
Horatio murdered in his fathers Bower:
Vile *Serberine* by *Pedringano* ſlaine:
Falſe *Pedringano* hang'd by quaint deuice:
Faire *Iſabella* by her ſelfe miſ-done:
Prince *Balthazar* by *Belimperia* ſtab'd:
The Duke of *Caſtile*, and his wicked Sonne,
Both done to death by old *Hieronimo:*
My *Belimperia* ſalne as *Dido* fell:
And good *Hieronimo* ſlaine by himſelfe.
I, theſe were ſpectacles to pleaſe my ſoule.
Now will I beg at louely *Proſerpine*,
That by the vertue of her princely doome,
I may conſort my friends in pleaſing ſort,
And on my foes worke iuſt and ſharpe Reuenge.
Ile lead my friend *Horatio* through thoſe Fields,
Where neuer dying Warres are ſtill inur'd.
Ile lead faire *Iſabella* to that traine,
Where Pitie weepes, but neuer feeleth paine.
Ile lead my *Belimperia* to thoſe ioyes,
That Veſtall Virgins, and faire Queenes poſſeſſe.
Ile lead *Hieronimo* where *Orpheus* playes,
Adding ſweet pleaſure to eternall dayes.
But ſay *Reuenge*, (for thou muſt helpe, or none)
Againſt the reſt, how ſhall my hate be ſhowne?

Reuen. This hand ſhall hale them downe to deepeſt Hell,
Where nought but Furies, Bugges, and Tortures dwell.

Ghoſt Then ſweet *Reuenge*, doe this at my requeſt,
Let me be Iudge, and doome them to vnreſt.

Let

Let looſe poore *Titius* from the Vultures gripe,
And let *Don Cyprian* ſupply his roome:
Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixions* Wheele,
And let the Louers endleſſe paines ſurceaſe,
Iuno forgets old wrath, and graunts him eaſe.
Hang *Balthazar* about *Chimera* necke,
And let him there bewaile his bloody Loue,
Repining at our ioyes that are aboue.
Let *Serberine* goe roule the fatall Stone,
And take from *Sysiphus* his endleſſe moane.
Falſe *Pedringano* for his Treachery,
Let him be dragg'd through boyling *Acheron*:
And there liue, dying ſtill in endleſſe flames,
Blaſpheming Gods, and all their holy names.

Reuenge.

Then haſte we downe to meet thy Friends and Foes:
To place thy Friends in eaſe, the reſt in woes:
For heere, though Death doth end their miſery,
Ile there begin their endleſſe Tragedie. *Exeunt.*

FIFIS.